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By Robert Whitaker

TO ONE WHO HAS PASSED ON.

WHERE thou art gone, in that fair land of song,
How canst thou care for faltering phrase of mine?
The everlasting poesy is thine,
Of souls supreme among the immortal throng;
Thou canst not want for words both sweet and strong,
Where they who gave us the Pierian wine
Themselves have drunken deep the draught divine,
And conned a universe for centuries long.

And yet, so were thine ears attuned with love,
Thou couldst detect through my most labored speech
The inmost soul of what I longed to say.
And if thou art not yet beyond my reach,
Thy quickened soul may catch in my poor lay
Some accent of the harmonies above.

MY COUNTRY

AND

OTHER VERSE

BY

ROBERT WHITAKER

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MY COUNTRY.

My country is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life currents mount
And mantle brows like snow,
Or red, or yellow, brown, or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor state,
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'er men mate
To do the right and say the truth
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream,
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
  My platform, brotherhood:
I count all men of honest mind
  Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
  Of every age and clime,
Too often mocked, misunderstood,
  And murdered in their time,
But spite of ignorance and hate
Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
  No lesser love than mine,
But calmly wait that happy morn
  When all shall own this sign,
And love of country, as of clan,
Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

LOYALTY.

"My country, right or wrong;" so some would say,
Meaning that we must stifle our dissent,
And yield success a cowardly consent,
Approving what we deem a wicked way,
Lest men misjudge our solitary nay,
And credit us with traitorous intent;
As if an honest opposition meant
Less love of country than a thoughtless yea.

So have they argued all the ages through
Who have played lackey to the powers that be:
Yet never nation has grown great and free
But by the grace of an unfearing few,
Whose love of country has not dulled their sight
To larger love of the eternal right.

ECCE HOMO!

DAY fades as fades the year, and for an hour
  Earth's autumn loveliness flecks all the sky:
  The flush of fevered leaves before they die,
The wistful winsomeness of the last flower.

The purpling pallor of wan stalks and shoots,
  The yellow browns of stubble and of corn,
  The flash of frost upon the crispy morn,
And all the rainbow tints of nuts and fruits,

As if God dipped His brush in yonder sun,
  And used the heavenly arches to portray
  In splendid picture at the close of day
A century's Octobers all in one.

And lumbering homeward, stained with sweat
      and soil,
  With graceless gait, and melancholy droop,
  Forlornness written large in step and stoop
And ragged raiment, goes the son of toil.

How does he differ from the kine he leads,
  Browsing serenely on the nascent grass?
  Before their eyes the glories play and pass,
Scorned for a nibble mid the wayside weeds.

And yet their sleek sides mock his fretted brow,
  Their calm eyes, like a cloudless firmament,
  Deepen the shadows of his discontent,
Their's is no slavery to pick and plow.

He answers with an instant's lifted look,
  And lo! the shadows in his ruck-rimmed eyes
  Have caught a nobler splendor than the skies,
His shoulders straighten, and as if he shook

The burden of the body from his soul
  He stands, himself an artist unabashed,
  With richer hues than ever sunset splashed
On cloudy canvas quick to his control,

And with firm hand he sketches the vast plan
  Whose limits lie in everlasting haze,
  And while the scheme of life grows on his gaze
He seems himself divine; behold the Man!

Reno, Nevada, November 19, 1902.
December 3, 1902.

COURAGE.

"I AM not afraid to die,"
So she said,
And they carved her brave reply,
When life fled,
On the stone that towered high
O'er her head.

But another dared to live,
Dared to smile,
Dared to bravely do and give,
Mile by mile,
And no word of praise receive
All the while.

'Tis no trifling thing to die
As one should,
To bid all the loved good-bye,
In brave mood,
And with calm and cheerful eye
Face the flood.

But to face life's sting and smart
Day by day,
And to play the hero's part
All the way,
Takes a stronger, braver heart,
So I say.

Reno, Nevada, May 25, 1903.

THE FATHER'S HOUSE.

THE Father's house is everywhere,
  The "many mansions" rise
Wherever worlds are swung in air,
  Under our own blue skies,
Or in far spaces none hath known
  Save God alone.

He buildeth always, room on room,
  Nor knoweth new, nor old;
Under His hand, as blossoms bloom,
  So do the worlds unfold:
With neither noise nor strain of strength
  From length to length.

His substance doth not fail, nor spoil,
  No over-brooding curse
Lieth upon His tireless toil
  Who builds the Universe;
He knows not heaviness, nor haste,
  Nor want, nor waste.

How beautiful He buildeth all
  The heavens and earth recite,
Though slow as creeps through crannied wall
  The unreluctant light
Our hearts let in, as 'twere distress,
  Life's loveliness.

He hath no lack for any child,
  Nor here, nor anywhere;
Who seems to lack hath been beguiled
  Far from the gates of prayer:
Where all may enter without stealth
  Into God's wealth.

We have but glimpsed a hall-way here;
  Yon tapestry of Death,
Though wrought with curious forms of fear
  Is lifted with a breath,
And lo, His parlors stretch away
  For aye, for aye.

San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1902.

WHEN I LIE AWAKE AT NIGHT.

THE streets are strangely silent,
  And the house is deathly still,
Save for the uncanny creaking
  Of some door, or window-sill;
I know there's nothing moving,
  Yet sometimes a sort of fright
Seems to palpitate around me
  When I lie awake at night.

Some presence seems to wake me,
I can half imagine ghosts,
Though I laugh at superstitions,
And the devil and his hosts;
But sometimes the very blackness
Seems to clothe itself in white,
And my fancies are embodied
When I lie awake at night.

Yet when I get accustomed
To the darkness of the room,
When I drop my loosened eyelids,
And shut out the ghostly gloom,
I often have such visions
As I dare not try to write,
For I talk with God and angels
When I lie awake at night.

My dead are just as near me
As my earthly loved ones then,
I can see their smiling faces,
Hear their welcome words again;
And I'm always sweetly certain
Of the land that's out of sight,
And of the life immortal
When I lie awake at night.

Sometimes my thoughts are saddened
By the errors of the day,

Sometimes a doubtful future
Fills me with a dread dismay;
And then comes calm and comfort,
And regret and fear take flight,
And the peace of God is with me
When I lie awake at night.

And holy resolutions
Fair as angel faces come,
I walk the streets of heaven,
And my spirit is at home;
And whatever sweet surprises
Wait me in the realms of light,
I'm often heavenly happy
When I lie awake at night.

Ukiah, California, April 5, 1902.

SUICIDE.

Not death, but more abundant life
Our ills demand,
A braver bearing in the strife,
Not the rash hand,
Not flight from flesh, but will to wait
And just do well,
For in ourselves, and not our state,
Is heaven or hell.

Reno, Nevada, November 22, 1902.

THE SLEEPING WILL.

THE God-man sleeps within the soul,
  Till tempest tossed
Where the engulfing waters roll,
  And all seems lost,
The meaner self awakes the Will,
  And bids him save,
And his majestic, "Peace, be still!"
  Commands the wave.

Reno, Nevada, November 22, 1902.

WORTH WHILE.

IT isn't worth while to worry
  Though the threads of the day are crossed,
And we strive in vain with the tangled skein,
  Till labor and love seem lost;
It is easy to fret and trouble,
  And its hard to sing and smile,
But the anxious mood does nobody good,
  And it really isn't worth while.

It isn't worth while to worry
  Though others misunderstand,
And the good you do is thrown back at you,
  And the favored refuse their hand;

You may call men cross and stupid,
And sneer at their graceless guile,
But the cynic's part never helps the heart,
And it really isn't worth while.

It isn't worth while to worry
Though the battle for bread be sore,
And the want at home drives you forth to roam
A beggar from door to door;
You may not deserve such fortune,
Nor others deserve their pile,
But the reign of right will not come through spite,
And it really isn't worth while.

It isn't worth while to worry
Though falsehood and wrong succeed,
And the better cause meets unhappy pause,
And the Christ is condemned by creed;
Stand up like a man and battle,
Hit hard at the vain and vile,
But refuse despair, it is born of care,
And it really isn't worth while.

It isn't worth while to worry
When even death is at hand,
Though it be thine end, or thy dearest friend
Who slips toward the silent land;

For all must pass through the valley,
  And it helps none over the stile
To resist the rod, or to fret at God,
  And it really isn't worth while.

It isn't worth while to worry
  But it is worth while to trust,
And to keep one's faith that in life or death
  The triumph is to the just:
That Infinite Love and Wisdom
  Are guiding us mile by mile,
And the stars may fall, but God's over all,
  Aye! this really is worth while.

Reno, Nevada, October 6, 1902.

WHO IS THE FOOL?

WHO is the fool, the man who stands
  Upon the swirling river's shore
With gold and silver in his hands
  And idly throws away his store,
Or he who throws himself away
In reckless living, day by day?

Who is the fool, the man who burns,
  For fun, the house above his head,
Or he who, for as slight returns,
  Lights fires of passion in his head,
And careless of the morrow's doom
Laughs loud to see his strength consume?

Who is the fool, the savage chief
  Who sells a state for bauble beads,
Or he who for an hour's relief
  Like Esau on his pottage feeds
And sells his birthright as a man,
His place in the Eternal's plan?

Who is the fool, the rough recluse
  Who lives a hermit in his cave,
Or he who of as little use
  Asks only how himself to save,
And in the cavern of his heart
From all his fellows lives apart?

Alas, the matter hardly mends,
  'Twere easy to go on, and on,
But for the fear to lose one's friends,
  And find one's own assurance gone;
Who measures by the perfect rule
Need not look far to find a fool.

Reno, Nevada, January 28, 1903.

WHAT THEN?

SUPPOSE you gained a dollar yesterday,
  Or gained a score,
Or made your fortune by some clever play
  A million more,
And made life harder for your fellow men;
  What then?

Suppose your plans for profit all succeed,
  And you are worth,
According to the measurings of greed,
  Say, half the earth,
But of the worth of service have no ken;
  What then?

Suppose you give a little of the wealth
  You cannot use,
And steal its double by some artful stealth,
  Or legal ruse,
And men are fooled to give you chance again;
  What then?

Suppose that by and by the people wake,
  And take their own,

Nor ask for just a nibble at the cake,
  Nor for a bone,
And will not longer bide in hole and den;
  What then?

Suppose the fellows you have sneered aside
  As fools and cranks,
The world's to-morrow with their counsels guide,
  And win world-thanks,
And truth flows freely from to-morrow's pen,
  What then?

Aye, and suppose there is a realm above
  Where Right is throned,
And men are weighed in balances of love,
  Nor crime condoned
Because 'twas wrought among the "upper ten,"
  What then?
    What—then?

Reno, Nevada, January 26, 1903.

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THE FINISHERS.

God builded a frame-work one day,
And roofed it, and boarded it in,
He planned it in generous way,
But did little more than begin;
And then He called some of His boys,
And gave them the task to complete,
With a hint of the hardships and joys
That they might make ready to meet.

He left them to live in the house,
And finish it up as they would,
To live like the grub or the mouse
Content with a refuge and food,
Or to make of their chambers and feasts
A miniature of the divine,
And they themselves monarchs and priests,
And life a libation of wine.

And then He bade some of His girls
Go company them in their place,
And gave them eyes lustrous as pearls,
And planted a flower in each face,
And braided night charms in their hair,
And taught them all womanly wiles,
Till even the rude and the bare
Grew glorious under their smiles.

And so they moved in, and began
  Their part in the work of the years,
Deciphering slowly the plan
  Which in the vast structure appears;
Too often contented with ease,
  Or torn with dissension and strife,
Too often too easy to please,
  Too dull to the largeness of life.

A few builded booths for themselves,
  Or made others build them instead,
And fitted up closets and shelves,
  And pilfered from living and dead
To pile up possessions unused,
  Or rival another's display;
And so were the weaker abused,
  And ages were frittered away.

And they who dared dream of the morn
  When no one should labor in vain,
Were greeted with laughter and scorn,
  And sometimes were shackled and slain,
Because they were anxious to serve,
  Not self, nor the whims of the few,
And only unwilling to swerve
  From that which was honest and true.

Yet still do they dream of the age,
The age that is surely to be,
When no man shall want for his wage,
When all shall be happy and free;
The house that God gave them complete,
Made perfect through wisdom and love,
Where man and his Maker may meet,
Nor wait for the mansions above.

Reno, Nevada, December 7, 1902.

MEN OF ENGLAND, HAIL!

MEN of England, hark!
Hear the call to arms,
Though the hour is dark
Faint not for alarms;
Day's at hand, at hand,
Yonder bugle blast
Sounding o'er the land
Marks the morn at last.

Men of England, heed!
Rouse ye from your sleep,
To the sword and steed
With strong step and leap;

Steady, side by side,
Be ye calm as bold,
So shall wisdom guide
As in days of old.

Men of England, fight
For the rights of men,
Trust ye in the might
Of the truth again,
Though unnumbered foes
Pressage sure defeat,
Victory waits for those
Who the wrong dare meet.

Men of England, pray
To the God of hosts,
Gath may gloat to-day,
While Goliath boasts,
Ye shall hew his head
With his own vain sword,
Herod's ilk are dead,
Lives our infant Lord.

Men of England, dare!
Dare to even die,
Better far to bear
Any ill than lie,
Better rack and rot,
Any fate, forsooth,
Than abate one jot
Of eternal truth.

Men of England, hail!
We, who dwell afar,
Know ye will not fail
In this holy war;
Sons of common sires,
We salute you kin,
Yours are our desires,
For us all you win.

Reno, Nevada, November 6, 1902.

A PREACHER'S WIFE.

No, she isn't prim and proper,
And she doesn't care a copper
What they say;
She's so innocent of wrong,
And so full of laugh and song,
That she's happy all day long
On her way.

She's as fond of pretty dresses
And of kisses and caresses
As a child;
But she has a lot of sense,
And she doesn't take offense,
And she sizes up pretense,
Unbeguiled.

She don't babble French or German,
But she understands a sermon,
And she knows
When her praise is balm and crown,
When the preacher needs a frown,
And just how to call him down
In hard prose.

She's no zealot or fanatic,
And she doesn't wax ecstatic
To be good:
She's a woman through and through,
Sweet, and sensible, and true,
Who's religion is to do
What she should.

She's not fond of public speaking,
And she's not a bit self-seeking,
Her's to be
Not the leader in the strife,
But a happy, helpful wife,
Quite content to live her life
Full and free.

I'm not sure that she's ideal,
But what's better far, she's real
And intact.

She's no figment of a dream,
No imaginative scheme,
Nor a poet's idle theme;
She's a fact.

Reno, Nevada, May 20, 1902.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

Two thousand miles and more away,
The scenes where I was wont to play,
The happy home where still they dwell
Whom I can never love too well:
Two thousand miles, and more—ah me!
'Tis quite too far for eyes to see,
But thank the Father-God above
'Tis not too far for hearts to love.

My thoughts will hardly wait for words,
But swifter than the flight of birds,
O'er desert, mountain, river, plain,
They wing their homeward way again,
Back to the well remembered place,
And lo! my loved are face to face,
And free of foot I wander o'er
The happy, holy haunts of yore.

The old white farm-house fairer seems
Against the glory of my dreams
Than when I saw it day by day
With eyes too fixed on work or play.
For love hath such a searching look
That I can trace it's every nook;
I did not think that it could be
So good and beautiful to me.

The very barn, unpainted yet,
All weather-worn with wind and wet,
Is fairer than the halls that rise
Against these unfamiliar skies:
And every out-house hath an air
Of something that is almost fair,
Even the fence rows stretch away
Like cloud drifts at the close of day.

The dusty highway dips, ascends,
With charm that only memory lends,
And strangely fair to envy's eye
The poorest tramp that passes by,
Since he has privilege to see
More than my dreams bring back to me;
I marvel at his unconcern
Amid the scenes for which I yearn.

The meadow hath a greener green
Than any meadow I have seen,
The harvests bending to the breeze,
Are fairer than all shimmering seas;
Perhaps the pasture seems to some
Not the least like to Kingdom Come,
But I shall well contented be
If heaven is half as fair to me.

The cattle and the barn-yard fowl,
The household pets that romp and prowl,
The birds that flit from bough to bough,
The flowers and fruits unclosing now,
The very pebble on the path,
Its own peculiar beauty hath,
And one and all are more to me
Than all the far-famed sights I see.

The glory of life's dawning days
Still lieth on my childhood ways,
The glory that is not of earth,
That cometh with us at our birth:
But love hath still a stronger charm
To bind me to the dear old farm,
The old scenes were not half so fair
Save for the dear ones who are there.

Nor house, nor barn, nor fields, nor trees,
Nor rocks, nor hills, nor streams, nor seas,
Nor great, nor small in Nature's mart
Can ever satisfy the heart;
But only love: and so that place
Hath most of beauty, most of grace,
Where love has ever been our guide,
And where our best beloved abide.

It may be I shall live no more
Amid the happy scenes of yore,
The years may bring no more to me
A home beneath the old roof-tree:
But till I reach the home above,
A father's care, a mother's love,
Shall make the dear old home to be
The fairest spot on earth to me.

Reno, Nevada, May 9, 1902.

I COUNT LIFE GOOD.

I COUNT life good at any cost
Of toil or pain,
So that love's largess is not lost,
Nor reckoned vain.
And so that, spite of every ill,
Man keeps his troth with virtue still.

I count life good in any place,
Or high or low;
Who finds a useful task disgrace
Must make it so,
And who makes most of now and here
Need never fret for larger sphere.

I count life good at any age,
All years are blest,
And yield a satisfying wage
To honest zest,
And there's a compensating bliss
For every happiness we miss.

I count life good in any world,
Whatever lies
Beyond the farthest planets whirled
Before our eyes;
Beyond the boundaries of breath
I doubt not life shall conquer death.

And if we find death does not mean
Surcease of strife,
If still beyond the known and seen
The endless life
Means endless struggle, though it should
Yet will I dare to count life good.

Reno, Nevada, November 23, 1902.

A WOMAN'S WISH.

"I WISH I were a man," she said,
And then, at my reproving look,
She bade me name from life or book,
Among the hosts of quick or dead,
One man, whose sanity was human,
Who ever wished to be a woman.

"Yet women I have known a score
Who frankly sighed for change of sex,
And lifted shapely brows and necks
And dared to openly deplore
Despite the pretty words men retail
The fate that made them fair and female."

I could but answer, "I have known
A few strong women in my day
Of whom I have the joy to say
Their life was lived to truer tone,
Who counted chief of human good
Their legacy of womanhood.

"I grant that law and custom both
Betimes have laid a heavy hand
Upon the sex in every land,
And man's inhumanness and sloth
Have made his joy and sorrow sharer
A broken-hearted burden bearer.

"I grant that yet when life begirts
The dauntless will and leaping limb
With shackle of some senseless whim,
And swathes the very soul in skirts,
The woman well might wish to be
At least a man in liberty.

"But none the less her gift of grace,
The music of her tenderer tones,
The charms that only woman owns,
Her loveliness of form and face,
Her very garments' silken swishing,
Are answer to all foolish wishing.

"And if sometimes a woman speak
  Such wish as men are slow to tell,
  It may be manhood hath a spell
The spirit hath no need to seek;
    More obvious as to the letter,
    But not to the soul's vision better.

"The deeper man is he who feels
  True womanhood's attraction most;
  And yet he dare not wish, nor boast,
Since the Creative Thought conceals
    From mortal eyes the history
    Which giveth sex its mystery.

"He might be glad to be as fair
  And good as often woman is,
  Or could he even guess the bliss
That maketh motherhood so rare,
    For such high summit of the human
    The noblest man might be a woman.

"But he who answers to this thought
  Shrinks back in wordless silence, such
  As holds his fingers from the touch
Of finest fabric she hath wrought,
    His virgin wishes hide their faces
    As she behind her webs and laces.

"Who has not some time yearned to cross
The bridgeless gulf from sex to sex?
And solve the problems that perplex,
Another's gain, another's loss,
And prove, if possible, how seeing
Is like and different from being.

"And, faith, what fools these mortals be,
For is it not of nature's plan
That whether woman, whether man,
Still he is she, and she is he?
And both are both, since both are human,
He woman-man, and she man-woman."

Mountain View, California, December 1, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS FORGET.

It were a joy to know that friends
  Will think of me when I have passed,
Even as when the sun descends
  On cloud and sky his glories last,
Or else against the outer gloom
  The candle, lamp, or brighter jet
Repeats the day from room to room,
    A memory yet.

But even as the kindly night
  Obscures the wounds that scar the day,
And from the wearied, sated sight
  Hides earth's unloveliness away,
So let my loved as gentle be,
  And when my sun of life has set
All the day's blemishes in me
    Dear friends, forget.

Oakland Ferry-boat, December 2, 1902.

MOUNT SHASTA.

O FAIR Sierran, queen of myriad mountains,
With ruffled petticoat of dark green trees,
And ermine robes that hide thy jewelled fountains,
Whiter than whitest wings that sweep the seas,
With throat and brow of purest alabaster,
Veiled in the softest laces of the skies,
Serene, sublime, superlative Mount Shasta—
Who once hath seen thee knows why God made eyes.

TWO BIRTHDAYS.

I HAVE two birthdays; one that I can show
Upon the calendar of passing years:
Another birthday that I do not know,
But only that it dawns and disappears.

One of my birthdays evermore recedes,
And every year lies farther down the past;
The other birthday just as swiftly speeds,
And every night is nearer than the last.

One birthday brought me, no one knoweth whence,
And laid me helpless on my mother's breast;
The other birthday surely bears me hence,
But no one knoweth whither is my quest.

One birthday left me a lone stranger here,
Yet I found loving welcome and kind care;
Shall not my other birthday bring me cheer
Since many of my loved are over there?

With wailing cry I met their joyous smile,
That unremembered birthday past and gone,
With joy, I trust, though others weep a while,
That other birthday I shall travel on.

There are not lacking those who keep for me
The birthday that draws rapidly away,
That other birthday any day may be,
Wherefore let me give presents every day.

Reno, Nevada, December 11, 1902.

My Own Nevada

AND

Other Songs

MY OWN NEVADA.

Oh, my Nevada,
  Dearest home on earth to me,
Heed not their laughter
  Who make light of thee;
Love alone hath vision
  To behold how fair thou art,
And thy children only
  Know thy charms by heart.

Chorus—

My own Nevada,
  I am not ashamed of thee;
My own Nevada,
  Thou art home to me.

Few are thy cities,
  And thy towns are far between,
Scant are thy harvests,
  And thy fields of green;
But thy sagebrush deserts,
  And thy hills so brown and bare,
Have their own strange beauty,
  In thy lucent air.

And, so it seemeth,
  As if thus to compensate,
Thy skies are fairest
  Where thy harvests wait;
On thy treeless hillsides
  How the colors dawn and die,
And where earth is drearest
  Softest shadows lie.

No, not forever
  Shall thy acres lie untilled;
No, not forever
  Shall thy wealth be spilled
In the laps of strangers,
  Who thy silver locks have shorn,
And have mocked thy weakness,
  Whence their strength was born.

No, not forever,
  Some day shall thy waters stored,
Flow through thy valleys,
  And unlock their hoard;
And thy fields shall ripple
  With the laugh of golden grain,
And thy hills shall echo
  With the laugh again.

Some day thy children
  Shall a glad, great army be;
Some day thy cities
  Known from sea to sea;
Yet they shall not love thee,
  In that day of thy success,
More than we who love thee
  Just for lovingness.

Reno, Nevada, September 21, 1902.

Dedicated to the Class of 1906, Nevada State University.

HERE AND NOW, EVERY DAY.*

THERE'S a faith that is broader than sect,
  That is deeper than gesture or creed;
'Tis the faith that is known by effect,
  The religion of spirit and deed.

CHORUS—
Here and now, every day,
  Let us live for the good and the true;
Here and now, every day,
  Let us do as we'd have others do.

*Tune, "The Sweet By and By."

Let us say the kind word when we can,
And be chary of scoffing and sneers;
Let us work for the welfare of man,
With unfaltering hope through the years.

Let us live our religion at home,
And some commonplace victories win;
While we pray for the kingdom to come,
Let us seek for the kingdom within.

Let us follow the Christ in His love,
And be willing to suffer for right;
Let us trust in the Father above,
And be faithful to goodness and light.

Reno, Nevada, October 1, 1902.
Dedicated to Student Body of Nevada State University.

OPENING HYMN.

We meet in love of God and man,
  In love of right and truth:
Defenders of no scheme or plan,
  Or any church, forsooth;
But, children of one Father's care,
We join in song, and speech, and prayer.

We meet to worship—not to prove
  Some dogma right or wrong;
To help each other walk in love,
  And in the truth be strong;
Not for the strife of warring creeds,
But for the help of human needs.

We welcome all, or rich or poor,
  Or cultured or unschooled,
Or good or bad, since we are sure
  That all are overruled
By one great Father of us all
In whom alone we stand or fall.

ADVENT.

Lo, He cometh, day by day,
Still in unaccustomed way,
Still the Christ, despised, unknown,
Still rejected by His own,
Still of lowly place and birth
So the Saviour comes to earth.

Born of sorrow and of shame,
Yesterday, to-day, the same,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes again,
Heir of weakness and of pain,
Crowded forth from comfort's door,
Manger-cradled with the poor.

Still the lowly catch the song
Of the beatific throng,
Still the wise men come from far,
Heaven led, their sign a star,
Still some prophet souls perceive
'Tis the Christ whom they receive.

Still while years go on at length
Slowly comes He to His strength,
Slowly learns Himself the Son,

Slowly is His work begun,
Some John Baptist goes before,
His fore-runner as of yore.

Still He does His works of might
In our unbelieving sight,
Speaks to ears that still are sealed,
Pleads with hearts that will not yield,
Traitor-kissed, and still denied,
So is Jesus crucified.

Lo, He cometh, even now,
Soul beware, thou know'st not how;
Watch thee, lest thou scorn Him too,
Lest thine own kiss prove untrue,
Hearken what He says to thee,
"Take thy cross, and follow Me."

Waltham, Mass., June 22, 1901.

GOD'S WAYS.

STRANGE are the ways of God with men,
He hides His meanings from our ken,
We can but guess, and trust Him still,
Assured that He can do no ill.

He takes the strong we seem to need,
He leaves the weak for whom we bleed,
The old and feeble tarry on,
And lo, the babe of days is gone.

Wealth comes to those who need it not,
God's poor seem oftentimes forgot,
And they have health who live in vain,
While saints and heroes writhe in pain.

While merit walks in ways obscure
And men neglect the good and pure,
Shams thrive apace and catch the crowd,
And Folly laughs her gains aloud.

Yet God is sovereign over all,
He notes the smallest sparrow's fall,
He hears the cries that rise so long,
And sees the victories of wrong.

But who are we to chide at Him?
Love leans on Faith when sight is dim,
And sings triumphant in the night
The glories of the morning light.

Boston Common, June 24, 1901.

REVELATION.

LORD, Thou hast not left Thy creatures
Groping vainly after Thee,
Everywhere we trace Thy features,
Everywhere Thy glory see.

Still the pure in heart perceive Thee
In a thousand wondrous ways,
Still the souls that will receive Thee
Thou art filling with Thy praise.

Evermore Thyself concealing
From the proud who will not seek,
Evermore Thyself revealing
To the earnest and the meek.

Through the priest of ancient story,
Through the prophet stern and bold,
Through the Christ who came in glory
In the blessed days of old.

Still Thy character unfolding
Through Thy spirit and Thy word,
So are men Thy face beholding
As their Father, Friend, and Lord.

Shirley, Mass., June 28, 1901.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

O MAN of Galilee,
Both human and divine,
Help us to follow after Thee,
Make Thou our lives like Thine.

Help us to love the lost,
And woo them from their sin;
Help us, whatever be the cost,
Thy wandering ones to win.

Help us to bring relief
To all the sick and sore,
Help us to comfort them in grief,
And when they faint, restore.

Help us to be as true,
Nor shrink from any loss,
The Father's perfect will to do,
Come either crown or cross.

Reno, Nevada, Dec. 12, 1902.

OUR DEAD.

O BLESSED Lord of life,
  And of all worlds that be,
Thy loved who cease from earthly strife
  Still do not cease from Thee.

We know not where they are,
  Nor what may be their state,
Nor whether near, nor whether far,
  For us our dear ones wait.

We only know Thy love
  Is sovereign everywhere
And we below, and they above,
  Are always in Thy care.

Perchance they pray for us,
  Dear Lord, canst Thou condemn,
If loving Thee, and trusting thus,
  We breathe this wish for them?

Bless them, and bless us, Lord,
  With gift of common grace,
To know, and love, and do Thy word,
  Or here, or any place.

And though our spheres may be
  This "little while" apart,
Let us alike so dwell in Thee
  We shall be one in heart.

Reno, Nevada, Dec. 12, 1902.

PEACE.

God of the nations rise;
  Oh, bring the age of peace;
Make Thou our cruel battle cries,
  Our wicked wars to cease.

Teach us a kinder mood
  Than patriotic pride,
Since once for men of every blood
  The man of Calvary died.

Teach us a larger love
  Than land or flag may give,
Our banner be the blue above,
  Our fellows all who live.

Teach us a wiser skill,
  A lustre not of arms,
Teach us the wisdom of good-will,
  And its unfading charms.

Aye, give us conquest, Lord,
Let this our triumph be
To conquer self in deed and word,
And in Thy truth be free.

Reno, Nevada, Dec. 12, 1902.

Note—The three songs, dated each December 12, 1902, were all written to the tune of "Greenwood" as played for me that morning by Mrs. J. E. Stubbs. R. W.

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL HERE.*

LIFE is beautiful here, under commonplace skies
In commonplace highways and field,
There is loveliness everywhere waiting for eyes
To see what the Lord hath revealed.

Life is beautiful now, in this moment of time,
Though happiness seem to delay,
He makes his to-morrow most surely sublime
Who lives most sublimely to-day.

*Tune, "I Will Sing You a Song of That Beautiful Land."

Life is always and everywhere good to the man
  Who lives in the service of love,
Though little he reck of the infinite plan,
  Or guess of the glories above.

Woodland, California, January 11, 1903.

WITH THEE.

I ASK no crown of glory, Lord,
  Nor stars, nor crystal sea;
Who loves Thee hath at once reward,
  'Tis heaven to walk with Thee.

Let me not long for life to come,
  For happiness to be,
I shall be even now at home
  If I may walk with Thee.

Give me the grace to share Thy cross,
  And thy Gethsemane,
Let me not shrink from any loss
  So that I walk with Thee.

Or this world, or some other, Lord,
  It matters not to me,
If I may love and do Thy word,
  And always walk with Thee.

Ukiah, California, April 4, 1902.

The Scorned Prophet

DEDICATION.

To mine own Israel first of all, the four million and a half of Baptists in the United States.

And after them to the larger Israel, of every name and faith.

As a Protest against that trinity of evils which hath ever dominated too much the life and work of every church, Ritualism, Traditionalism, and Mammonism, which are the essence of the Pharisaism that crucified the Christ.

And as a plea for that simple, practical, unselfish love toward God and toward man wherein is the substance of the teaching of Jesus.

HEAR, O ISRAEL.

O CHURCH which I have loved and served
With joy these many years,
Whose faith fell from my mother's lips
Upon my infant ears,
Whose benedictions soothed me when
I laid my dead away,
Out of the love I bear for thee
Let me speak forth to-day.

Thy children are a mighty host
And I am only one,
No slightest primacy I boast,
Nor aught, or said, or done;
Nor can I claim to love thee more
Than others who applaud,
But search my meanings to the core
And thou shalt find no fraud.

Just honest words, or false, or true,
Or weighty, or unwise,
Perchance they are not even new,
Nor even stir surprise;
But words conceived in love, and born
With travail and with tears,
Nurtured for either praise or scorn,
For either smiles or sneers.

O Church, thou hast been brave of old,
  Thy millions are the seed
Of martyred sires, who once were bold
  To speak the truth in need:
Dost think their priceless praise is thine?
  Not so, lest thou obey
The same imperative divine,
  Whate'er it cost to-day.

Thou namest with a show of pride
  Those right heroic souls,
Who in their time and place denied
  That policy controls:
"We be the seed of Abraham,"
  Thou sayest; prove it then,
Although thy hate of lie and sham
  In exile end again.

Prove it; nor bend obsequious knee
  To our vain gods of gold;
Speak out, though politic it be
  Thy protest to withhold;
Or own thy heroes are thy shame,
  Since they but mark thy fall:
Who cringes to convention's claim
  Denies the prophet's call.

Thou makest much of love for Christ,
And loyalty to Him;
In vain have substitutes enticed,
No sacramental whim
Will serve thee for the rite He gave,
The letter of His word,
Wherein is pictured forth the grave
Of thy redeeming Lord.

Thou wilt not eat the bread with those
Who so misplace the sign
It seemeth thee to less disclose
The mystery divine;
And so thou bearest their contempt
Who count such caution ill,
Nor guess the heart of thy attempt
To realize God's will.

Thou doest well to stand in awe
Of all that God hath said;
No lightest letter of the law
Is wholly void or dead:
Thou doest well to seek God's grace
More than a favored fame;
The smile of His approving face
Puts every scorn to shame.

But is thy zeal so sound and sure,
From Pharisaic taint
And Scribal scruple so secure
'Tis proof against complaint?
Or art thou guiltless of their charge
Who neither mock nor laugh,
"Thou weighest mint and anise large,
And love as light as chaff?"

Thou canst refuse the bread and cup
To those whose letter fails,
And yet thou art not slow to sup
With him whose pride prevails;
At any cost thou wilt defend
The symbols of thy creed,
Alas! thou art a timid friend
Of him who slaves for greed.

What matter though they count thee odd?
Thou hast thy little shrine:
Men are but images of God,
Their hearts but haunts divine,
Wherefore shouldst thou concern thyself,
Or risk thy relics rare,
To save men from the power of pelf,
Or penury's despair?

Nay! keep thy symbols wrapped about
With consecrated cloth,
And leave the world to dread and doubt,
To Mammon and to moth;
Sit where the truth is crucified,
And while His blood drops start
The raiment of His limbs divide,
Nor mind His broken heart.

O Church, my Church, forgive, forgive!
If I am harsh and rude,
But I could die if thou wouldst live
In a diviner mood;
If thou wouldst care for rubrics less,
And more and more for men,
And more and more for righteousness,
Aye! death were easy then.

I know thou are not wholly blind,
Nor dull to human weal,
I know thy purposes are kind,
And thou art quick to feel
The hurt of an outrageous wrong,
When open crime is rife,
Betimes thy righteous wrath is strong,
And thou art quick with life.

I know thy message meaneth more,
  Far more than bread alone,
Thy symbols mark themselves a score
  Transcending all the known,
A symphony of life sublime,
  So vast, so deep, so high,
The prelude but begins in time,
  The echoes never die.

So runs thy creed, so read thy signs,
  So is thy heart's desire,
And so thy ministry inclines
  When touched with tongues of fire;
Alack! how flares and flickers low
  Each heaven-enkindled flame,
Traditions choke and stifle so
  The bright, aspiring aim.

Thou ragest at the vulgar vice,
  The stark and staring sin,
Thou sayest, "Let him pay the price
  Who murders, foe or kin.
For common thief the common jail;
  Who breaks the public peace
Must suffer if he do not quail
  And from his riot cease."

And thou art flattered when thou hast
The courage to condemn
The tippler's tempters, first and last,
While others fawn to them;
Or if thou darest chide thine own
Whom worldly pleasures please,
Forbidding them that torrid zone
With its seductive seas.

The Publicans and harlots know
Thou canst make sturdy stand,
The brazen dance and bawdy show
Are fearful of thy hand;
All wrong that is in disrepute,
Or draws men from thy fold,
Essays in vain to make thee mute,
Or blow thy anger cold.

But larger ills laugh loud at thee,
And buy thy proudest pews;
Murder may philanthropic be
When distant lands refuse
Our gracious will to govern them,
And make their markets pay;
They are but traitors who contemn
Our right to burn and slay.

And stealing is just business sense,
  And industry and thrift,
Quite in the line of Providence,
  And economic drift,
When millions plundered from the poor
  Pay tribute now and then
To church and school, and so secure
  The unctuous praise of men.

Aye! thou art very orthodox,
  And standest by the Book,
Who questions its traditions mocks,
  Though lovingly he look
On the red lines by prophets penned,
  Still crimsoned with their blood
Who dared both school and church offend,
  For faith that God is good.

Thine was the righteous, reckless youth*
  Who burned to free the slave,
But he was heretic for truth,
  And so thy caution drave

*William Lloyd Garrison, born and bred a Baptist, but compelled to accept the hospitality of an infidel club to get a hearing in Boston.

Thy prophet forth, to speak God's word
With those who scorned God's name:
And yet methinks that I have heard
Thy present priests proclaim

It was the Church, their Church of course,
All orthodox and cool,
Reluctant to resort to force,
Afraid to play the fool,
That after all led forth the fight
And roused resistance strong,
And won the victory for right,
And overthrew the wrong.

And some time, when the social strife
That stirs the land to-day,
Hath quickened to triumphant life
The love thou sayest nay,
The love that dares deny to one
The wealth God gave to all,
And dares affirm, "Thy will be done,"
Writes doom upon the wall.

For them that drink their brothers' blood,
And feed upon their flesh,
And treat as animated mud
The bodies that enmesh

The suffering spirits of the weak
  Who still are strong to bear,
And only impotent to seek
  Their labor's honest share,

Some day, when pious greed is stripped,
  And with avenging cord
Forth are the money changers whipped
  By an indignant Lord,
When man, God's truest temple, man
  And all his nature needs,
Count with the churches larger than
  Their formulas and creeds,

Some day the sons of these same priests
  Who stone thy prophets now,
And fawn and flatter at thy feasts,
  And nod phylacteried brow,
Their sons to their own sweet content
  Will prove in that glad day
It was their father's argument
  And zeal that led the way.

So be it, if the right succeed:
  Who cares where credit goes?
Not they who fight against all greed,
  All selfishness oppose;
Save as such lies may lead our sons
  To scorn their prophets too,
And deaden their reformers' guns,
  As now such falsehoods do.

Who cares? though back of half the zeal
For the eternal life,
There hides the fear, one can but feel,
The coward's fear of strife;
And men are glad to prate of souls
Who dare not voice their own,
Since no monopoly controls
The "pure old gospel" tone.

Hit hard the ancient Pharisees,
For they are dead and gone,
And strip old Herod if you please
And lay the lashes on,
Fling if you will defiant word
Against the Pope of Rome,
Or 'gainst those foul fanatics gird,
The Mormons here at home.

Or else go back to Adam's fall,
And tell again the "plan"
Whereby the One was slain for all,
And there is hope for man
Beyond the grave, that he may miss
A hell of endless woe,
And win a heaven of endless bliss
Who holds the scriptures so.

Advise him that this world is bad,
And daily waxeth worse,
And all the hope that it hath had
Since the primeval curse
Is in the Christ, who came a child,
And comes again a King,
To 'stonish the unreconciled,
This aeon's end to bring.

Why fuss though institutions fail?
Their end is soon and sure;
And what do all reforms avail?
Christ is the only cure:
No other help may we expect,
The Church's work is found
To aid Him gather His elect,
And wait the trumpet sound.

Or preach with pious platitudes,
And philosophic air,
Esthetic words and attitudes,
Preach down all dull despair;
And tell the world that all is well
That things are working out
The end of every evil spell,
Of death, disease, and doubt.

Tell men that they are better now
  Than they have ever been,
Massage the anxious, troubled brow,
  And close their eyes to sin;
Feed them with phrase-confections oft,
  And lull their languorous minds
With lullabies as low and soft
  As summer evening winds.

So shall they listen to thy wrath
  Against an ancient foe,
And calmly mark the downward path
  Of sins they do not know,
And do their own devices still
  Untroubled, undeterred
From present profitable ill
  By one disturbing word.

So shall they reason, "What's the use
  Of fighting these concerns?
For vainly we correct abuse
  Until our Lord returns;
So we can check the viler vice,
  The cruder unbelief,
And lead to Him who paid the price
  And promises relief."

"We shall do better than to waste
The few remaining hours,
Wherein we needs must work with haste
Against infernal powers,
In striving to reform a world
Which hastens to its doom,
While every moment souls are hurled
To death beyond the tomb."

"Since institutions rise and fall,
The creatures of a day,
Who saves men's souls does more than all,
For men live on for aye;
And lo, He comes, He comes in cloud
To take His royal throne,
Soon shall He judge both poor and proud,
Soon shall He right His own."

Say they not well, in face of this?
Faith is th' oppressor's friend,
Beguiling men with bribe of bliss
From purpose to defend
Their rights as men to equal share
Of present weal and worth,
Their will to break the back of care,
And banish want from earth.

Say they not well? who dare deride
  This relic of a race
Whose lust for spectacle defied
  The Saviour's gentle grace:
This childish creed of drum and fife,
  And strutting Caesar-Christ,
Whose tinselled everlasting life
  Is vastly over-priced.

Say they not well who would prefer
  For such a gilded god,
The sovereignty of character
  In either cloud or clod;
Who worship neither show nor force,
  But only light, and love,
Nor will and wisdom can divorce,
  Nor here, nor yet above?

And if thou hold a multitude,
  So strong are human needs,
And if thou give, instead of food,
  Such images and beads,
What shall it profit thee for strength?
  Since as they children grow
They must forsake thy fold at length,
  Wherever else they go.

Nor will they stay for broader faith,
If it is dead to life,
No tenuous, transcendental wraith
Can lead the present strife,
No optimism of conceit
And self-indulgent ease,
Can wrest the mighty from their seat
Or steer through stormy seas.

Dost note the swelling swish of skirts?
And mark thy want of men?
And is it love, or pride, that hurts
And moves thy tongue and pen
To answer why the workers pass
By thy beseeching gate,
And why so few of all the mass
Before thine altars wait?

While Dives, living, comes and sits
And smiles, and wags his head,
To hear thy often happy hits
At some old Dives dead;
And Pilate dares again to lave,
With what pretense he can,
Within thy deep baptismal wave,
But crucifies the Man.

Thou hast thy tens of thousands yet
  Both earnest and sincere,
Thy words help many to forget
  Or meet their cares with cheer,
The good thou doest is not small,
  Nor are thy converts few,
Nor scant the charities that fall
  From thee, like heavenly dew.

Thy ministers are often men
  Of manly, Christ-like mould,
Thy missionaries prove again
  Apostles strong and bold,
And many of thy teaching host
  Who feed the lambs of Christ,
Might much of loving labor boast,
  And comfort sacrificed.

All this thou hast, and even more,
  No blood of heretics
Lieth against thine ancient door,
  No small dogmatic cliques
Have lorded o'er thy heritage,
  Or sapped thy life's support,
Or poisoned thee with the red rage
  Of carping creedal court.

And yet, not wholly guiltless thou
  Of scorning prophet souls,
With biting lip, and burning brow,
  And talk of script and scrolls;
Thou wilt not to tribunals hale,
  Nor formal verdicts pass,
Nor weigh in the official scale
  Of bishop or of class;

But thou wilt force the man to choose
  To yield his daily bread,
And mem'ries that mean more to lose
  Than ever creed hath said,
Or else refrain to say the word
  That God hath made him feel,
The thing he hath most surely heard,
  And doth not dare conceal.

Thou sayest, "Let him find a fold
  That answers to his thought."
But there are messages untold
  No church hath ever taught;
And truth hath accents far too fine
  For any rote of rules,
Thou canst not limit the divine,
  Nor shape it to the schools.

Thou art not quite a church of God
  Until God's man may speak,
Nor even be accounted odd
  If he uphold the weak;
Or if he question form and phrase
  And dare prefer the new,
So that he walk in righteous ways,
  And prove his spirit true.

Who leaves thee for the right to say
  One word for human kind,
Though many of the mighty stay,
  He proves thee poor and blind,
If so thou scoff him from thy side,
  And give him cause to claim
The full of freedom was denied,
  Or offered him with shame.

Or if he find thy scripture texts
  Not wholly without flaw,
If honored dogma he corrects
  By larger light of law,
And thou refuse his honest search,
  And frown him from his place,
Thou art the heretic, O Church!
  And thine is the disgrace.

He only is untrue to truth
  Who loves opinion more,
His very right is wrong, forsooth,
  Who merely mumbles o'er
Some superficial Shibboleth
  He hath been taught to tell,
As if the shaping of a breath
  Made either heaven or hell.

Thy droning scribes with proud pretense
  Their commentaries cite,
And with their words obscure the sense
  Of simple truth and right,
And thou wouldst have us hark to them,
  And ape each trick of tone,
But all unheard the man condemn
  Whose message is his own.

Or else, with old Gamaliel,
  Too dignified to scoff,
Thou sayest, "Time alone can tell;
  Hold persecutions off,
And let them go, if they will curb
  Their riot-making talk,
And cease their efforts to disturb
  The order of our walk."

So says the Sadducee, who fears
  Disturbance more than doubt,
But the stern zealot hardly hears,
  Or only hears to scout;
Soon is the sword unsheathed to slay
  Some brother of the Lord,
And they who dare to preach the way
  Are scattered with the word.

But though the zealot raves, and throws
  Hard at the martyr's face,
Shall not the man who keeps his clothes
  Still stand in Stephen's place?
A nobler Stephen after all,
  And his a grander stage,
For Caesar's household heareth Paul.
  And each succeeding age.

What though thy legalists pursue
  Thy Pauls by land and sea?
Thy synagogues reject the new,
  And make its heralds flee?
And even Peter, though he glimpse
  The broader bounds of grace,
Halts in his liberty, and limps
  Before the zealot's face?

What though the long, long centuries
Darken again the morn?
And out of strife with heresies
Another Church is born
That gilds and glorifies the Cross,
But wears a fool's-cap crown,
And counting circumcision loss
Hands heavier ritual down?

Shall they despair who love the truth,
And cannot love a lie?
Although the lie renew its youth
When just about to die.
Or shall they battle on in hope,
And spite of doubts and fears,
Determined with the lie to cope
Through any length of years?

And wilt thou help, or wilt thou hurt?
Church I have loved so long;
Wilt shake thy prophets from thy skirt?
Or bid their hearts be strong?
Wilt mark the motes of other sects,
And thine own beams deny?
Or wilt thou cast off thy defects
At cost of hand or eye?

Perchance thou thinkest I presume:
  Ah! if I could but know
The fires which in my bones consume
  Would warm thy fields of snow,
And start one trickling stream to run
  Where the parched pastures wait,
Thou couldst disown me as thy son,
  Nor mark my lonely fate.

Methinks that I could be content,
  Though craving thy caress,
However hard my fortunes went,
  To know thy failures less;
And satisfied to be forgot,
  If men remembered thee
As one who led where fires were hot.
  And bled to make men free.

Oft have I said, "I will be still,
  And slip away in peace."
I could not so convince my will,
  The burning would not cease.
Yet who am I, to chide at thee?
  One child amid the host;
Think kindly as thou canst of me,
  This is my only boast.

O Church which I have loved and served
  With joy for many years,
Whose faith fell from my mother's lips
  Upon by infant ears,
Whose benedictions soothed me, when
  I laid my dead away,
Out of the love I bear for thee
  So have I said to-day.

Reno, Nevada, November 8-13, 1902.

INSPIRATION.

Once on a day it filled me
  With queer questionings and qualms
When somebody suggested
  David didn't write the Psalms,
And there were two Isaiahs
  Who composed that splendid book
And it wasn't at all likely
  Moses penned the Pentateuch.

The story of Creation
  Was harmonious no more,
Like the rivers out of Eden
  So the streams at least were four

Of varying tradition,
  Flowing from some common source,
But very much divergent
  All along their after course.

There wasn't any Eden,
  And there wasn't any fall,
And there wasn't any serpent
  That could talk, and didn't crawl;
There was a man and woman,
  And somehow the mischief came,
And every one admitted
  That the woman was to blame.

But the stories of the Patriarchs
  Were largely legendary,
Perhaps they were real men, perhaps
  They were imaginary,
Their "epics" and their "idyls"
  Told with more or less of tact,
Weren't worth a continental
  As a chronicle of fact.

And Israel worshipped "Yahweh,"
  Not "Our Father" wise and good,
But a god of storm and battle,
  Who was never done with blood,

And David had his household gods,
  And wasn't half heroic,
And Solomon was hardly more
  A Christian than a Stoic.

And "the Institutes of Moses,"
  Were not instituted then,
But were shaped in after centuries
  By very different men,
When prophetic inspirations,
  Given like some grand Te Deum,
Were fixed up for automatons
  To play in some museum.

And the Gospels are not always
  To be taken out and out;
That "the Three" had common sources
  There is hardly room for doubt,
And in the main their narrative
  Is quite a sound relation,
Though "John's" is less a history
  Than an interpretation.

Not even Paul's infallible,
  Although a "grand old man,"
Since his schooling and environment
  Were wrought into his "plan;"

And none of the Apostles
  Knew the Master without measure,
Though as His first interpreters
  They left a priceless treasure.

With holy indignation
  Such conclusions I defied,
I scorned the Higher Critics,
  And their learning set aside,
I looked on Evolution
  As an interloper then,
And insisted that the Bible
  Was God's final word to men.

But I found that Inspiration
  Didn't need my timid zeal,
That the heart of Revelation
  Had no hurt for me to heal,
And although I lost the letter,
  When my images were gone
I found the spirit better
  For my soul to look upon.

And I don't care whether Moses
  Wrote the Pentateuch or not,
Or if there were ten Isaiahs
  Whom the fires of God made hot,

Or who said, "The Lord's my Shepherd,"
Since I know the Shepherd's care,
And I walk by the still waters,
In the pastures green and fair.

And since I've learned of Jesus,
And the blessed ways He went,
And have read His holy messages,
And caught at their intent,
I'm not afraid of losing Him
Because the schools advise
That some paltry scraps of circumstance
They cannot harmonize.

So I read in Paul's theology,
And I, like Paul, am free,
As he was counted heretic
So may they reckon me,
But the spirit that illumined him
Illumines me to-day,
And I call no man my Master,
But I hark what God will say.

Thank God for all the prophets
Who have spoken in the past,
For His "peculiar people,"
Though they failed the truth at last
Thank God their cruel Yahweh
Found some yearnings unsufficed,
Till the dull dawn brightened slowly
To the noon-day of the Christ.

And still, still God is with us,
  Lighting all this earth of ours;
The fogs are lifting, breaking,
  And responsive to the powers
Of the sunshine that is flooding
  Every wonted haunt of gloom,
The springtime of humanity
  Is hastening toward the bloom.

Ukiah, California, April 9, 1902.

THE GREAT HERESY.

I FEAR no more the blatant cry
  Of that crude unbelief,
Which mocks at God, and dares deny
  With hardly show of grief,
That recompense of all our strife—
The hope of the eternal life.

Let atheist and agnostic prate,
  The heart of man will crave
A better deity than fate,
  An end beyond the grave,
Deny religion as he will
Man's heart remains religious still.

The Higher Critics! God forbid
  That they should make me start;
Or shall I do as Uzzah did,
  And fear a quaking cart?
I thank God that I understand
He holds the ark with His own hand.

I trust that light shall still shine forth
  Upon the sacred page,
And so the Bible's matchless worth
  Increase from age to age.
Speak out, ye critics! say your say,
The word of God shall live for aye.

I fear no heresy but this:
  The unbelief that still
Betrays the Master with a kiss,
  And in His name does ill;
Like Judas, counted with His friends,
But seeking only selfish ends.

The unbelief that bows and prays
  And builds up shrine and fane,
But grinds the poor through cruel days,
  And barters right for gain;
So sure of God, so self-sufficed,
It daily crucifies the Christ.

The infidelity that stalks
  In pulpit, gown and stole,
And with a pious unction talks
  Of Christ who maketh whole,
But still, afraid to dare the strong
Worships the throned and feted wrong.

More than the atheist I fear
  The man of Christian name
Who meets with careless laugh or sneer
  The holy gospel's claim
That, spite of all beneath the sun,
God's will on earth shall yet be done.

Is he the scoffer who rejects
  Some dogma of the church?
Or he who reverences texts
  But scouts the earnest search
Of earnest souls for all things good
Which make for human brotherhood?

I scorn no creed which men confess
  If it is held in love,
And if they follow none the less
  The Master mind above;
I scorn all creeds which make men blind
Against their duty to mankind.

Arch heretic is he, I say,
  Who fails in love of man,
However much he prate or pray
  About salvation's plan.
This truth of truths is still the test:
They love God most who serve men best.

Oakland, Cal., November 28, 1898.

THE GOODNESS OF THE BAD.

It used to cloud the sunshine
  In my most hopeful mood,
To see the folly of the wise,
  The badness of the good,
But now when I am bluest
  It almost makes me glad,
To note the wisdom of the fool,
  The goodness of the bad.

'Tis easy to find folly,
  If that is what you seek,
For there are faults in everyone,
  The strongest men are weak;
Who looks for something better,
  Though often pained and sad,
Will find a world of comfort in
  The goodness of the bad.

There is no man so stupid
  But he has gleams of sense,
And deeper than all depths of sir
  Are depths of innocence;
And spite of every triumph
  That sin has ever had,
No one can quite deny some bit
  Of goodness in the bad.

Some hero in the coward,
  Some angel in the clod,
And in the wickedest of men
  Some faintest trace of God;
Something of truth and beauty
  In every fraud and fad;
So shines through evil's darkest night
  The goodness of the bad.

O soul of mine, be patient!
  For falsehood seemeth strong,
And men are slow to do the right,
  And swift to do the wrong;
Heed not to-day's illusion,
  Nor deem men wholly mad,
But let thine eyes with joy behold
  The goodness of the bad.

Reno, Nevada, May 16, 1902.

RESURRECTION.

No real man ever fails; his projects may,
  But he himself can never know defeat.
  He may be forced to semblance of retreat;
He may not conquer in his chosen way,
And men may mock, or pity him, and say,
  "Behold the Man!" and nail him hands and feet
  High on some staring cross, where he may meet
The death of thieves, and none shall say them nay.

None say them nay? And if he be a Son
  Of God indeed, while wine of wrath they quaff,
  Lo, He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh,
For that He seeth e'er three days are done,
  The death of Death, and how they raged in vain
  Who thought that the divine Man could be slain.

San Francisco, California, March 22, 1902.

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Since Thou Art Gone.

AFTERWARDS.

Since thou art gone from me the days drag on
  Like limb-chained convicts, keeping step perforce
  In the dull round of their relentless course,
With neither laugh nor word; since thou art gone
The years before me seem an endless length,
  No more delighting me with happy view
  Of dreams unrealized which may come true,
But grief hath found a sorrow in my strength:

Wherefore should I succeed? to drink alone
  The nectar that I chiefly craved for thee;
That hath no sweetness, save thou sip it first?
Thy love can only satisfy my thirst:
  The cup is empty honor proffers me,
Since thou art gone from me to realms unknown.

Since thou art gone from me mine eyes have seen
  More than a thousand leagues of sea and land,
  Dowered divinely from the Father's hand
With springtime loveliness, and summer sheen;

And I have walked through miles of splendid
streets,
Have seen the last displays of human art,
Have shared the tumult of the crowded mart
And felt how strong the pulse of commerce beats.

Yet what avails it that the world is fair?
And man is mighty in his little way?
No balm is found for the sad-hearted there:
Death mocks man's might, and touches with
decay
All that is lovely; can the crowd restore
The one dear face that answers mine no more?

I do not murmur; thou art gone from me
By no mischance, nor law of soulless fate;
I know not where thou art, nor what thy state
But knowing God I know 'tis well with thee.
Some happy purpose marked thy going hence,
For thee and me; mayhap the whole design
Lies open there, the tangled ends are mine,
And yet I trust me in God's providence.

For I had never loved thee, never known
True fellowship with thy believing soul,
Touched with the glory of the Father's face,
If I could doubt, now that I walk alone,
Thy high desire hath found its glorious goal
And faith and hope are justified of grace.

Nor do I yield one jot of will to serve
  Unto the utmost of God's thought for me;
  For I were infidel to Him and thee
If weight of grief could my devotion swerve.
Life has some sweetness yet, without pretence
  Of joys I cannot feel since thou art gone:
  My heart is glad God's purposes go on,
And I would fain have part in their defence.

Heaven asks no more, I trow, of them that weep,
  Or bear the heartache that is worse than tears,
Than just their trust in God's good will to keep,
  And to be filial toward Him through the years.
Since thou are gone 'tis more and more my will
To love Him, trust Him, and to serve Him still.

A YEAR.

It seemeth like eternity,
This year since thou art gone,
So heavily, so wearily,
The days have travelled on;
I cannot make it but a year
Since thou wert here.

Yet it was only yesterday
I had thee in my arms,
And laughed and chatted merrily,
And made light of alarms,
Nor knew how Death was wooing thee
Away from me.

And then 'twas surely centuries
The dreadful dream was on,
The nightmare of thy maladies,
And waking, thou wert gone.
Have I lain palpitating here
Only a year?

Why it was years that pallid face
So like, so unlike thee,
Refused in spite of words and tears
Even a smile to me;
And many winters' cold eclipse
Lay on thy lips.

A long, long year they talked and prayed
Above thy coffined clay,
Another year we journeyed forth
To lay thy form away,
And through an age of grief I took
That last, last look.

How slow the aeons pass since then,
Though others call them days;
My soul goes searching everywhere,
Inquiring for thy ways:
'Tis longer than my fancy's flight
From morn to night.

Grief hath its own dark calendar
None but the sorrowing know;
Time hath no scales to weigh the hours
Of those who walk with woe:
And all its measures mark in vain
The length of pain.

It seemeth like eternity,
This year since thou are gone;
So heavily, so wearily,
The days have travelled on:
I cannot make it but a year
Since thou wert here.

Ukiah, California, April 23, 1902.

TWO MYSTERIES.

My sweetheart looked up softly
From the sofa where she lay,
One sunny, Sunday afternoon
Before she went away,
Before I knew her illness
Was more than a passing cloud,
And said, half to herself I think,
As if she mused aloud:

"How strange death is:" and wonderingly
I answered only, "Yes,—
Why do you say so darling?"
And with that same far-off-ness
She made reply as quietly,
"Oh, I was thinking then
How little we know of it;"
And she turned to dreams again.

There followed weeks of agony,
When little as I knew
Of that vast, awful mystery
Which ever nearer drew,
The promise of relief from pain
Such rainbow glory cast
Against the dull, dark skies of doubt,
Death seemed to smile at last.

Was it a smile, or did I dream?
So grimly silent since
Is he who led my loved away
I cannot help but wince;
As glad as ever that her pain
Went from her in that breath,
But oh,—but oh, the mystery,—
The mystery of death.

"How little we know of it,"
When our boldest words are said,
Nor even know our ignorance
Until our own are dead,
And then,—ah then, how commonplace
Our wonted words of cheer,
How vague the best that faith can say,
How huge our doubts appear.

"How little we know of it,"
Though philosophies are rife.
Yet, is death more a mystery
Than that which we call life?
We are, but know not whence we are,
Nor whither, nor yet why,
Is it not just as strange we live
As it is that we die?

Do our dead wonder less at us
  Than we are mazed at them?
Are they as grieved that we are deaf?
  And do they try to stem
Our tears, our cries, our questionings,
  Which else might whelm us quite?
And marvel when their veils are off
  We cannot see the light?

Perhaps they pity us with tears,
  And count us stiff and cold;
Perhaps console each other there
  With comfort just as old,
And sigh, and say, "How strange life is,
  How little do they know
Of what they reckon life and death,
  Our loved and lost below."

Ukiah, California, April 25-26, 1902.

WHEN DEATH IS PAST.

WHAT happened, dear,
  That night you went away?
A moment you were here,
  Then naught but clay;
A gasp, a breath,
  A shiver through and through,
We called the mystery, Death,
  But what say you?

Was there no you
  After that fateful gasp?
Nothing beyond our view?
  Beyond our clasp?
But stiffening flesh?
  And stony, staring eyes?
Are faith and hope a mesh
  Of luckless lies?

As well believe
  That you have never been,
If love can so deceive
  Then love is sin;
And only fools
  Will talk of sense and right
If men are but the tools
  Of such blind spite.

Let me confess
  I know not where you went,
And can but vaguely guess
  What the change meant;
But that you are,
  As truly as you were,
Is clearer, surer far
  Than that men err.

Yet how or where
  I ask, and ask in vain;
In far off realms of air,
  As some maintain,
Or close beside,
  About me day by day,
Eager to help and guide,
  I cannot say.

Or if, again,
  With something like our birth,
Mid a new race of men,
  On some new earth,
To you was given
  Another start in life,
One farther stage toward heaven,
  The end of strife.

Or, as we fain
  Would have the future be,
From sorrow, sin, and pain
  Forever free,
Ourselves the same,
  Our consciousness intact,
With neither change of name,
  Nor change of fact,

Save as beyond
  Love shall have larger range,
And many shall be fond
  Who here were strange,
And life, for all,
  Shall take on larger scope.
How, how shall it befall?
  How shall we hope?

We do not know,
  Nor signs, nor symbols tell,
We prattle so and so
  Of heaven and hell,
But none return
  To map the shores of doom,
Nor can our eyes discern
  Beyond the tomb.

Not eyes, but hearts
  Are Death's interpreters,
The hope that in us starts,
  The faith that stirs,
The love of life,
  And more, the life of love,
Though questionings are rife,
  All point above.

And we are sure,
  Wherever they have gone,
The faithful and the pure
  Who have passed on,
That right is right
  Wherever God is God,
And life, and love, and light
  Are more than sod.

We need no touch
  Of groping, ghostly hands;
Scorning so crude a crutch
  The true soul stands
Its own best proof—
  For sound and sense may lie—
That we are of such woof
  We cannot die.

Who asks for more?
  Or who hath need to know?
What matter to what shore
  Our ships may go?
What matter how
  The haven prove at last?
Since God guides then, as now,
  When death is past.

What happened, dear,
  That night you went away?
I will not wait to hear
  What spooks shall say;
My heart affirms,
  Whatever ways we wend,
That nothingness and worms
  Are not love's end.

Ukiah, California, April 26-28, 1903.

MEMORIALS.

WHEN I was younger, and my birthdays came
  Farther apart, in youth's impetuous thought,
I kept them merrily with gift and game,
  And kindly words which my acquaintance brought,
Nor once imagined others might be sad,
  And that the day I hailed with boisterous breath
Might mean, to many who were once as glad,
  Heart-breaking memories as hard as death.

And while my sweetheart still abode with me
  We kept our wedding day with cloudless cheer,
In love so perfect it was bliss to be:
  We half begrudged the passing of the year,
Yet greeted gratefully the gladsome morn,
  Nor recked of others who had loved as well,
To whom the day was hapless and forlorn,
  The distant echo of a funeral knell.

Now that my calendar is often marked
  With mute reminders of my loved and lost;
The stain of tears that fell when they embarked
  Who one by one the Stygian stream have crossed,
Shall I forget, though the tears start anew,
  Someone is happy even while I weep?
'Tis some one's birthday, just as brightly blue
  As any I have had the joy to keep.

Or when the dreaded day swings slowly round
Whereon we parted who were one indeed,
Though the blood flows the freer from the wound
That hath not for a moment ceased to bleed,
Shall I forget, or to rejoice refuse
When I remember such an hour as this
Some bride and groom perchance as theirs may choose,
Or mark as the memorial of their bliss?

Let me not sadden with one thought of grief
Their glad remembrances who laugh to-day;
God give them joy, and help us find relief,
Who walk with Memory a shadowed way,
Even in their delight, though we may feel
Their merriment a mockery of our tears:
Somewhere, to someone, every day brings weal,
Somewhere the sunshine always warms and cheers.

All days are good days, even here and now,
The wide world over; spite of all distress,
Spite of the tearful eye, the clouded brow,
There is no day but hath its happiness:
For men were made for laughter, not for sighs,
And all who weep, and will, may laugh again,
'Tis grief that passes, misery that dies,
And everlasting joy that beckons men.

Ukiah, California, April 7, 1902.

PERVERSITY.

O DEATH, thou art so swift and bold
To strike the joyous down,
Thou art so jealous of the fold
Which has not felt thy frown,
When love makes life a heaven on earth
Thou canst not bear to wait,
Nor bide the music of our mirth,
But thou must force the gate.

O Death, thou art so strangely shy
Of them that wait for thee,
The broken heart, and weeping eye
Thou canst not seem to see,
When sorrow takes the place of cheer.
And loved ones smile no more,
Thou wilt not even venture near
The mourner's open door.

Reno, Nevada, November 20, 1902.

THE LAST TROTH.

When you were dying, dear, I promised you
To play the man:
And as I can
To that last troth I hold my spirit true.

There are who think it womanish to weep,
Though Jesus wept
When Lazarus slept,
And yet He came to wake him from his sleep.

There have been hours I could not stem my tears,
When the wet eye
Washed life's dark sky
As summer storm the sultry evening clears.

Is it unmanly if I weep alone?
Since oftenwhile
I sing and smile
That none may see the tear, or hear the groan.

Nay, I am not ashamed, it is not pride;
I play no part
In open mart
That in my inmost conscience is denied.

But I am loth to add to the world's woe
By word, or sign,
One grief of mine:
Would God that I had always been as slow.

Yet sometimes when my sorrow will not rest,
If I speak out,
Not blame, or doubt,
But just the heartache, eased to be expressed:

Is this unmanly? Is the world the worse
To know my laugh
And cheerful chaff
Are only ripples where the depths immerse?

God help me bear my burdens, and be glad;
But if I slip,
And eye or lip
Betray how much there is to make me sad,

Let love withhold my words and tears from harm;
Let my distress
Still help and bless,
Or let me shrink from sorrow with alarm.

God give me grace to know and do His plan,
And through the years,
In smiles, or tears,
Help me to keep our troth, and play the man.

Reno, Nevada, December 8, 1902.

THE MISSING LAUGHTER.

Do you remember, dear, that night I dreamed
That you were dead?
And sobbed heart-brokenly in sleep, it seemed,
Upon my bed,
And when I told you in the light of day,
How lovingly you laughed it all away?

But now sometimes I dream you living, dear,
And in my sleep
I am so happy just to think you here,
Then waking weep,
And there is no one now to laugh away
The fact that fronts me in the light of day.

Reno, Nevada, December 7, 1902.

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

Do they keep birthdays, dear, where thou art gone?
Do they remember this, thy natal day?
Or since thy death, as we are wont to say,
Are our memorials naught to think upon?
Is death itself a birth to life so fair
There is no place for our poor festals there?

How shall the winged butterfly recall
In the vast freedom of his airy flight
The earth-worm's birth? how shall the stars of night
Shine when the glorious sun illumines all?
Or how shall the immortals in their bliss
Discern the dawn of such a day as this?

And yet, art thou so far, so far from me?
Canst thou forget the happy years we spent
When hand in hand life's common ways we went?
Canst thou forget how much I was to thee?
How much I loved, how much I love thee yet?
Canst thou forget? dear love, canst thou forget?

And thou wert with me I would keep the day
With fond memento, and with words of cheer;
Thou shouldst not lack for love if thou wert here:
Let God be merciful to me, I pray,
And bear thee token, dear, some word or sign,
That still I keep this day supremely thine.

Palo Alto, California, December 15, 1901.
Reno, Nevada, 1902.

GOD BLESS THEE STILL.

THEY say that thou art gone beyond my prayers;
  That when I talk with God, at morn and night,
  To think or speak of thee no more is right,
Or if thy loved name slips me unawares—
For still my every thought thy image bears—
  I must recall my birdlings from God's sight,
  And stay them sternly from their heavenward flight,
Though they seem winged to cleave the upper airs.

For thou art dead: and it were useless now,
  Or worse than useless if I prayed for thee.
  Thou hast no need of word or wish from me;
So hath death changed thee, as our creeds allow:
  I may still love thee, but I dare not tell
  My love to heaven, or say I wish thee well.

And yet I cannot stay my thought of thee.
  I do not doubt that thou art in God's care,
  And I am glad thou dost not need my prayer,
Glad that thy joy doth not depend on me,
Glad for such blessedness as thine must be,
  I would not have my tears disturb thee there,
  Nor call thee thence to help me do and bear;
I do not ask a sign, to hear, or see.

I only ask God's pity if I err,
And His forgiveness if I tell too much
Of thoughts and feelings that within me stir,
But while my yearning toward thee, love, such,
How shall my prayer be faithful, full, and free,
If I must needs deny all thought of thee?

Shall God be vexed because I ask His grace
On my beloved in the better land?
And if I may not guess what He hath planned
For His redeemed who dwell before His face,
Do I not know that love hath always place?
"Love never faileth," wrote th' Apostle's hand;
And shall God's love our human love withstand?
Else, who shall limit love by time and space?

Do I not love thee yet, where'er thou art?
Or hath my love lost aught of power to bless
Perchance thou hast no craving for caress,
And canst not count my love a thing apart;
I ask it not, so that I still may pray
God's blessing on thee, dear, from day to day.

ANNIE LAURIE.

My beautiful, my bonnie,
With whom I walked for years,
Love, thou art still remembered
With longing and with tears;
With longing and with tears,
Since thou art gone from me,
And to be with thee, my bonnie,
I am often fain to dee.

Thou wert so pure and gentle,
So faithful and so true,
As fair as summer roses,
As sweet as morning dew,
As sweet as morning dew,
And all the world to me,
And to be with thee, my bonnie,
I am often fain to dee.

I will not fail thee, darling,
Though life seem often long,
Through tears and tribulations
God make and keep me strong,
God make and keep me strong
Whate'er my lot may be,
Till with thoughts of thee, my bonnie,
I lay me down, and dee.

Under The Cross

AND

Miscellaneous Verse.

UNDER THE CROSS.*

UNDER the cross where the Saviour bled,
Under the cross that day,
While the Man of Calvary bowed his head,
And sighed his sad soul away,
They bickered and bartered for paltry gain,
And laughed while the Christ of the world was slain,
Under the cross that day.

Under the cross where Love bleedeth yet,
Under the cross to-day,
With hands by the blood of their brothers wet,
Some bit of cloth for their pay—
For such a wage men can bargain still,
And murder Pity, and scorn Good-will,
Under the cross to-day.

Under the cross where the Truth was nailed,
Nailed to the wood that day,
Thorn-crowned, and bloody, and rudely hailed,
The butt of their brutal play,
There stood the rulers in Church and State,
Proud, and exultant, and full of hate,
Under the cross that day.

*(John xix, 23, 24.)

Under the cross stand they even now,
Under the cross to-day,
Where some new truth, with a pierced brow,
Falleth again a prey;
The Scribes and Pharisees, even here,
Laugh in their triumph, and mock, and sneer,
Under the cross to-day.

Under the cross where their Prophet-King
Suffered and died that day,
Counted a base and unholy thing,
To be piously put away,
Were many who worshipped Messiah's name,
Yet heaped Messiah himself with shame,
Under the cross that day.

Ah, the pity of it, the tragic truth,
Under the cross to-day,
Stand many who scoff at the Christ forsooth,
And turn from His words away—
Who long for His coming in yonder skies,
Yet miss Him again in His mean disguise,
There on the cross to-day.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

I dare not ask for chance to live
  My vanished years anew,
Though all I have I fain would give
  If so I might undo
At any cost of toil and tears
The evil of my bygone years.

I dare not ask another test,
  With all that I have won;
I might do better, but my best
  Would still remain undone,
And I might mourn with keener smart
The larger failures of my heart.

So though I often wince with pain
  For some remembered wrong,
Though oft some penitential strain
  Breaks in upon my song,
I only dare ask God to give
Grace for the hour in which I live.

I dare not even pledge the days
  That wait me on before,
Or promise to amend my ways,
  To "go, and sin no more;"
I can but pray, "Lord, give me power
To serve Thee better hour by hour."

"Make both my past and future, Lord,
A present help to me,
From vain regret, and boastful word
In mercy keep me free,
Be past or future what they may,
Help me to walk with Thee to-day."

A PRAYER.

GIVE me a faith that makes men crave,
More than the boon of endless bliss,
The willingness to serve and save
Their fellows in a world like this.

A faith that does not cry, and cry,
"O God, be merciful to me!"
But rather yearns to do and die
That others may be strong and free.

A faith that cannot all be crammed
And shaped to fit dogmatic mould,
That knows no fear of being damned,
But shrinks from being hard and cold.

That dreads far more than wrath to come
  The sense of failure to do well,
The cowardice that makes one dumb
  In presence of a present hell.

That dreams far less of pearly gates
  And golden streets beyond the skies,
Than of the death of human hates,
  The downfall of all earthly lies.

Lo, I am in my Father's hand!
  Let Him deal with me as He may,
So that He give me grace to stand
  And battle for the right to-day.

I want no upper seat above,
  Nor shining crown with stars impearled,
But just to know my life and love
  Made this a little better world.

And just to go, and just to do
  As love leads on to service still,
My only hell to be untrue,
  My heaven to simply do God's will.

PROVIDENCE.

(Tune, Naomi.)

O FAITHFUL Father, grant us all
  Such fullness of Thy grace
That in whatever lot befall
  We may behold Thy face.

In cares or comforts, gain or loss,
  In sickness or in health,
Teach us the wisdom of the cross,
  Where even want is wealth.

Teach us how all our pains and aches,
  Of body and of mind,
Our very missings and mistakes
  Some heavenly end shall find.

Teach us until we learn to trust
  Thy perfect purpose still
When we are humbled in the dust
  By some triumphant ill.

So shalt Thou prove us as Thou wilt,
  Thyself our sure defense
While we from faith to faith are built
  Upon Thy providence.

Newton Boulevard, Mass. June 21, 1901.

THINE.

Tune, Louvan.

THOU Christ of God, incarnate word,
Both Son of Man and Sovereign Lord,
Flesh of our flesh, and yet divine,
We joy to know that we are Thine.

Thine by the grace that brought Thee down
To wear our nature as Thine own;
Thine by Thy life of pain and loss,
Thine by Thy passion and Thy cross.

Bought at a cost we cannot know,
Bought from a destiny of woe,
Bought for the endless years, to be
Thine own through all eternity.

Thine own whate'er befall us here,
Or if Thou givest smile or tear;
Thine own through seeming good or ill,
We are Thy blood-bought people still.

Since we are Thine grant us the grace
To show the glory of Thy face,
That all, whate'er our lot may be,
May know that we belong to Thee,

Composed on the street cars, between Concord and Lexington, Mass., June 20, 1901.

TO UNION LABOR.

I WOULD not say one word unkindly meant
  To the vast toiling masses of all lands;
  So have I labored, numbered with the "hands;"
And I am proud that so my youth was spent:
My heart is with them in their just intent
  To seek the utmost that their weal demands,
  As I am with the weakest man who stands
For fullest freedom to fulfill his bent.

Nor do I doubt it is the toilers' right
  To band together in their own defense,
Or with the money magnates to unite
  And do their best to bring the reign of sense,
When our industrial civil wars shall cease,
And business know stability and peace.

But let not labor think to profit long
  By any union, either with their own
  Or those who once as enemies were known,
Though such an union may seem more than strong,
If labor reckon not with right and wrong,
  Or scorn the public for themselves alone,
  Grasping their wages as some dog a bone,
And scouting wisdom as an idle song.

None but the broadest brotherhood will live;
And selfishness, triumphant though it seem,
Fails at the last, whatever be its scheme;
They who would get must also learn to give:
Nor any class, however great or small,
Shall save themselves except by saving all.

THE TRUE TEMPLE.

Tune, Ward.

Lo, God is in his temple now,
Let every heart in homage bow—
So shall He fill this happy place
With present tokens of His grace.

He dwelleth not in desk or pew,
But with each faithful heart and true;
Nor word, nor sign, shall hold Him here,
Who to the lowly draweth near.

For what to him are learned phrase?
Or the loud anthem we upraise?
Or cloth or candle, wine or bread?
If faith, and hope, and love are dead?

Bring Him the love and trust He craves,
And ye shall know how well He saves;
Bring Him the true intent that lives,
And ye shall know what joy He gives.

Bring Him yourselves, and test Him here,
If God will not indeed draw near,
And make this hour and place to be
Remembered through eternity.

Clarendon St. Baptist Church, Boston, Sunday morning, June 30, 1901.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

When I remember what my life has been,
And all the hapless blunders I have made,
How often I have fallen into sin,
How often have been foolish and afraid;
Let me not grow morose, nor yield to grief,
Nor be content my failures to rehearse,
While Hope and Courage run to my relief,
Let me be thankful that it wasn't worse.

Sad are the words indeed, "It might have been,"
  Yet is there gladness in them if we will;
Do they remind us how we failed to win?
  Lo, there are battles that await us still.
We have not yielded to the utmost yet,
  We have not felt the fullness of reverse;
Away with whining and with vain regret,
  Let us be thankful that it wasn't worse.

This be our spirit to the very end
  Whenever we look back upon our ways,
Let us make Memory our constant friend,
  And gather comfort from our yesterdays;
So shall our losses blossom into gains,
  And our to-morrows we shall reimburse
Out of our disappointments and our pains,
  And still be thankful that they were not worse.

IN OREGON.

I'VE hunted here, and hunted there,
  For something new to rhyme at,
And if it wasn't wrong to swear,
  I'd write about the climate;
But I will not begin in vain:
  Here is to-morrow's forecast—RAIN.

TO PLAY THE MAN.

Out of the mystery I came,
  Into the mystery I go,
But whence I caught the vital flame,
  Or whereunto this spark shall glow—
Who knows? Or who may think to tell
  The scope of the eternal plan?
Yet this I know and feel full well,
  That I am here to play the man.

I know not what I am, nor why,
  Nor wherefore anything should be;
And that men live, or that men die,
  I know not which most puzzles me.
Lo, there are endless questionings
  Whichever way I seek to scan;
This only peace and comfort brings,
  That I am here to play the man.

I know not even how I know
  That I am bound to do the right;
That this impulse is mean and low,
  And for this other I must fight;
Nor why self-sacrifice appeals
  And selfishness is under ban,
Save that the heart within me feels
  That I am here to play the man.

Not here to cavil and to doubt;
Not here to gibe and scoff, and sneer;
Not here to weep, and whine, and pout;
Not here to cringe and crawl with fear;
But here to meet life face to face,
And do the very best I can;
Whatever comes, with grit and grace
To stand right up and play the man.

Aye, here to hope, and here to trust,
And here to labor and to love;
Here to be gentle, kind and just,
To live as for the life above;
And here to prove through old and new,
However worlds or men began,
That those things are most surely true
Which help me most to play the man.

I'M GLAD I LIVE TO-DAY.

Some folks are always sighing
  To get back the good old days;
They say that modern life is just
  One-round of crime and craze:
It isn't what it ought to be,
  Yet I am bound to say,
Whenever I read history
  I'm glad I live to-day.

I like my Welsbach burner
  Better than a tallow dip;
The stage would be too slow for me,
  In spite of spur and whip;
And telegraph and telephone
  Are handy by the way;
So, though the croakers croak, I own
  I'm glad I live to-day.

No doubt, our worthy fathers
  Were of quite heroic stuff,
But I suspect their manners
  Were at least a little rough;
They knew too much of hardship,
  And not half enough of play;
So, much as I admire them,
  I'm glad I live to-day.

And though some decent people
  Claim the world is getting worse,
And cite the daily papers
  And their lists of crime rehearse—
Although the rising sun may show
  Some spots night hid away,
I like the daylight better, and
  I'm glad I live to-day.

And even if to-morrow
  Be a better day than this,
And I was born too early
  To enjoy earth's rarest bliss,
I'll do my best to hasten on
  The age of dream and lay,
And, when the battle's sorest, sing
  I'm glad I live to-day.

TO-DAY.

LET us live well to-day; there is no morrow
That we can claim,
To-day is our's, for either joy or sorrow,
For praise or blame;
Whatever part in life we plan to play
Let us be faithful to our role to-day.

Let us be glad to-day, nor dream of blisses
The years may bring;
Who waits for happiness too often misses;
If we would sing
Let us sing now, and let our hearts be gay
With the God-given laughter of to-day.

Let us be kind, to-day, nor sigh for splendor
Of larger sphere;
We can be gentle, generous, and tender,
Right now and here;
So much there is of good to do and say
Life is significant for all to-day.

Let us be brave, and true, and calm, and cheery,
And strong, and free,
However hard the road, however weary
Our feet may be;
All that we would have been along the way,
And all we would be, let us be to-day.

TO LIVE, AND LOVE, AND LEARN.

Most of the things that worry us
Don't matter much.
Too many of us fret and fuss
At every touch.
There's nothing that's of great concern
Except to live, and love, and learn.

Suppose the world don't go our way,
What of it, then?
We have the better chance to-day
To act like men,
And still insist at every turn
We're here to live, and love, and learn.

It isn't doing what we would
That counts for most;
It's being brave, and kind, and good,
Amid the host;
For better than to crave and yearn
Is just to live, and love, and learn.

We make too much of ease and joy,
And sordid gain;
The things that vex us and annoy,
The toil and pain,
And every malady we spurn
May help us live, and love, and learn.

And there is nothing else to fear
Of good or ill
Than just the failure of good cheer
And honest will;
No loss need fright us if we earn
More power to live, and love, and learn.

WHEN BABY CROWS.

It matters not what work we do,
Or what the pleasures we pursue;
We always stop, and laugh anew,
When baby crows.

It doesn't matter who is here,
Though Judge, or Minister appear,
We just can't help but clap and cheer
When baby crows.

Somtimes the day is dark enough,
And life seems very harsh and rough,
But somehow 'tisn't half so tough,
When baby crows.

There's some light in the darkest cloud,
And some release from cares that crowd,
For hope and courage cry aloud,
When baby crows.

'Tis such a funny little noise,
The jolliness of all our joys,
The gold of glee without alloys,
When baby crows.

The angels seem to sing again
Of "Peace, good will to earth," and then
The pure in heart respond, "Amen,"
When baby crows.

Laugh at my fancies if you will;
I know that all things false and ill,
Grow shamed a sudden, and are still,
When baby crows.

And when we see no cause for play,
What starts the laugh so blithe and gay,
If angels sing not far away,
When baby crows.

Come whence it may, in loving hearts,
Worn with the noises of the marts,
A flood of heavenly music starts,
When baby crows.

And blessed are the ears that hear,
And hearts that answer to the cheer,
And eyes where the love-lights appear,
When baby crows.

NOT OUR OWN.

Oh blessed Master, thine we are;
The little that we seem to own,
Is ours indeed to make or mar,
And yet, it is not ours alone.

'Tis ours because it first is thine,
And only as a loan we claim
The priceless heritage divine,
Which bears awhile our mortal name.

It is not ours to spend at will,
Or fail to spend if we deem best,
'Tis ours to use with profit, till
Thou summon back thy high bequest.

No, not our own are we, who live
Redeemed and sanctified by thee,
The price none but a God could give
Thou gavest, and Thine own are we.

Thine own forever; though we roam
Awhile in paths by mortals trod,
Yet do we find our lasting home,
In Thee alone, the Love of God.

Seattle, W. T., February 26, 1889.

DOROTHY.

Born August 2, 1899.

WHAT a dainty bit of flesh
Is Dorothy.
And how soft and sweet and fresh
Is Dorothy.
Oh, you needn't lift your lid,
But I know you never did
See so cute a little kid
As Dorothy.

She's as smiling as the day,
Is Dorothy.
And as pretty as the May
Is Dorothy.
She's as proper as a saint,
She don't powder, primp or paint.
But she's in it, if you ain't,
Is Dorothy.

Oh, she cries sometimes, of course,
Does Dorothy,
Till she gets quite red and hoarse,
Does Dorothy.

She don't care for rank or ilk,
She don't care for gold or silk,
But she just does yell for milk,
    Does Dorothy.

But she smiles and coos and crows,
    Does Dorothy.
And she wrinkles up her nose,
    Does Dorothy.
And she throws her hands about,
And her little feet pop out,
And she makes us laugh and shout,
    Does Dorothy.

And such nonsense as we talk
    To Dorothy,
And how funnily we walk
    For Dorothy.
There's a thousand things we do
That would seem absurd to you,
But we've always something new
    For Dorothy.

And what's more, we long and pray
    For Dorothy.
God be with her all her day,
    Dear Dorothy.

Come what may of hopes or fears,
Come what may of smiles or tears,
God be with her through the years,
With Dorothy.

Then here's to the little Miss,
To Dorothy.
What a bonnie blessing is
Dear Dorothy.
No, you needn't lift your lid,
For I know you never did
See so cute a little kid
As Dorothy.

December 30, 1899.

THE COMING AGE.

It is writ on history's pages
How the poets and the sages
Have looked forward through the ages,
With a faith few understood,
To that happy consummation
When all men of every nation
Shall make up God's new creation,
Love's eternal brotherhood.

High and holy is the vision
Of that coming age elysian
And it stirs the harsh derision
Of the unbelieving throng.
But some hearts forsake it never,
Some are true to it forever,
To it give their best endeavor,
And it still inspires their song.

May we count among their number
Who have waked from selfish slumber,
And, whatever doubts encumber,
Still believe that over all
Broods the love that never faileth,
Love that for all men availeth,
And that in the end prevaileth
O'er whatever ills befall;

Who believe the day draws nearer
When men's vision shall be clearer,
And to each, each shall be dearer
Than we count our kindred now.
This is no hallucination,
No mere dream or speculation,
But the calm, sure expectation
That our lips and lives avow.

Though our faith may long be slighted,
Men shall yet be all united,
And a world-wide troth be plighted
At love's altar by and by,
War shall cease, base competition,
And all strife and all division,
When men ask no higher mission
Than for men to do and die.

Aye! that better age comes slowly;
Still it lingers with the lowly;
Still the high despise the holy,
And the Truth is crucified.
But through all the sad, sad story,
Though the cross be dark and gory,
Through it glows the golden glory
Of the kingdom there denied.

Scorned and scourged, entombed and guarded,
Still Love rises unretarded,
And the cross is now rewarded
By the crown of endless life.
They who laughed, with fear are shaken;
They who took, themselves are taken;
They exult who were forsaken;
So forever ends the strife.

Love may still be long rejected,
Love's disciples scorned, suspected,
Love's ideals mocked, neglected,
But, beyond the cross and tomb,
Truth and Love, one flesh and spirit,
Shall arise, and yet inherit
Heaven and earth. O ye who hear it!
Pray in faith, "Thy kingdom come."

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

LIVE for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou can'st ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.

Live for something; yes, and something
That is worthy of thy life;
Something that will well repay thee,
When 'tis won, for all thy strife.
Be not dazzled by the glitter
And the tinsel of the world;
For the noble, true, and lasting
Let thy banner be unfurled.

Live for something; live in earnest,
Though thy work may humble be,
By the careless world neglected
Known alone to God, and thee.

Every act has priceless value
To the Architect of Fate,
And the spirit of thy doing
This alone may make it great.

Live for something; every mortal
Wields the scepter of a king;
Every soul may waken echoes
That shall never cease to ring.
We are living for the ages
To the farthest end of time,
And the weakest life is mighty,
And the humblest is sublime.

Live for something; God and angels
Are thy watchers in the strife,
And above the smoke of battle
Gleams the victor's crown of life.
Live for something; God has given
Freely of His stores divine,
Richest gifts of earth and heaven,
If thou willest may be thine.

Waltham, Mass., 1881.

A PARAPHRASE.

Psalm I.

GREAT are his joys, the righteous man
Who walks not in the thought or plan
    Of men of wicked heart,
Nor in the way of sinners stands,
Nor sits among the scornful bands,
    And with them has no part.

But toward Jehovah's perfect law
His soul inclines with sincere awe,
    And bows with holy fear.
And in his law both day and night
He meditates with sweet delight,
    Through each succeeding year.

Like to a widely spreading tree
O'er living waters, he shall be,
    In perfect strength complete.
His fruit in proper time shall fall;
His leaf shall wither not, and all
    He does success shall meet.

The wicked are not so, but they
Are like the chaff that flies away
    Before each passing wind.
Therefore they shall not stand with those
Who keep His covenant and laws,
    Nor with them favor find.

For God the righteous man beholds
In all his ways, and kindly folds
    Around him love and grace;
But the unrighteous man shall stray
Far from the good and perfect way,
    And never see His face.

Newton Centre, Mass.

GOD GARNERS NO GREEN GRAIN.

Our God makes no mistakes: O heart oppressed,
And eyes all blinded with the mists of pain,
Eternal love pursues no fruitless quest,
God garners no green grain.

Death seems untimely when our dear ones go,
And some mischance our hearts regret in vain.
It only seemeth, for it is not so,
God garners no green grain.

Even the babe that dieth with a breath,
By arrow of outrageous fortune slain,
Serveth some purpose through such early death,
God garners no green grain.

The strong who leave us ere their work is done,
As our weak faith is wonted to complain,
Despite our doubtings do not die too soon,
God garners no green grain.

Whether the reaper cometh soon or late,
Nor life, nor death, can ever be in vain,
His will transcends the seeming whims of fate,
God garners no green grain.

Oakland, Cal., January 10, 1894.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

"Blessed are they that mourn," the Master said;
But, weeping bitterly above my dead,
I murmured, unbelievingly, "Ah, no!
It is not so."

He did not chide me for my willful word,
My every tear's pathetic plash he heard,
My every sigh; and thus He answered low,
"Child, thou shalt know."

He touched mine eyelids with His finger tips,
And through the midnight of my grief's eclipse
I looked on life, and strangely large and clear
Did life appear.

I saw life's brevity as ne'er before,
I saw life's true intent; and more and more
I saw, in spite of glamour and of guile,
What is worth while.

And loves long lost came thronging back again,
My heart was kind toward all the sons of men,
Tears washed all trace of bitterness away,
That sad, glad day.

And I drew very near the world unseen,
Mine eyes did all but pierce the veil between
I almost heard the sweet, angelic song
Of yonder throng.

"Blessed are they that mourn," The Master said;
And, still in tears, I lifted up my head
And answered, on that happy faith upborne,
"Blessed are they that mourn."

Oakland, Cal., November, 1897.

A VISION OF FAITH.

Beside the shaded couch, where weak and faint
A dear one suffering lay,
Bearing her agony without complaint,
In the old martyr way,
I saw two forms, like waiting angels, stand
On either hand.

I knew that one was Faith; the calm, clear brow
And the uplifted eye
Shone with assurance, like the tender glow
On morning's kindling sky,
And all her mien triumphant trust expressed,
And perfect rest.

The other seemed Faith's very twin at first,
So like in form and face,
Save that her calm was as some part rehearsed,
And there was lack of grace;
And in her eyes a vague impatience stirred,
And thrilled each word.

She spoke and Faith was still: "Thou needest not
Lie thus on bed of pain;
Hath God His old-time healing power forgot?
Can He not cure again?
Believing prayer shall save the sick; believe!
And health receive."

The sufferer stirred, and feebly made reply,
"I do not doubt God's care,
But though for strength I daily make my cry,
He doth not grant the prayer."
The Presence answered, "They shall have who seek;
Thy prayer is weak."

Then Faith drew near, and gently whispered, "Peace!
They do not love God most
Who are most urgent for their quick release
From pain's severe impost.
Who can pray better than the suffering Son?
Thy will be done."

"They trust God most who most accept God's will,
Whate'er that will may be;
Bearing with patient calm life's every ill;
Their first and dearest plea,
That God will grant, through pleasure, or through pain,
In them to reign.

"God often heals, and often healeth not,
As we have greater need;
To be submissive to His blessed thought,
Oh, this is trust indeed!
And this shall be the sign thy prayer is heard,
GOD'S WILL PREFERRED."

The vision vanished, but the voice remained,
And still, "God's will preferred,"
Pointed the path by which all good is gained,
And gave the conquering word:
Or sick, or well, or rich, or poor, how small!
God's will is all.

WHERE NONE ARE OLD.

SOMEWHERE, beyond all human ken of distance,
Beyond our childish measurings of space,
There is a land where life, with sweet persistence,
Goes on forever, with no loss of grace,
Where none are old.

Where none are old; for pain and weakness never
May find a footing on that far-off strand,
But health and youth forever and forever
Possess the borders of that better land
Where none are old.

There deathless beauty, all our thought transcending,
Fills up the measure of the eye's delight,
And changeless love guards there against offending,
And shares the kingdom with eternal right,
Where none are old.

There shall attainment equal expectation,
There are no Pisgahs for our hindered feet,
No wearing out in strife and tribulation,
And there no yielding of plans incomplete,
Where none are old.

There shall we know no limit to our learning,
  There shall our energies be always new,
No thirst unslaked, no heart-sick hungry yearning
  Shall make our life seem empty and untrue,
    Where none are old.

No partings with our loved, no sad forgetting
  Of the dear faces half forgotten now,
No anxious tears, no doubting and no fretting,
  But shining peace, clear written on each brow,
    Where none are old.

Earth-life is but a segment of the ages,
  Our longest years with men are but a span,
There shall we fellowship the saints and sages
  Of all the centuries since time began,
    Where none are old.

No burden of remorse, no heart repining,
  No sin to scatter thorns upon our way,
No effort to behold the silver lining
  Beyond the clouds, in that fair realm of day
    Where none are old.

Where none are old! O land of life immortal,
  When shall I lay the things of time aside?
When shall I pass rejoicingly the portal
  To walk forever with the glorified?
    Where none are old.

Salem, Oregon.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Looking unto Jesus, when our hearts are sick with sin,
When the vain world mocks our crying for His blessed peace within,
When the shadow of our sinning hangs above us like a pall,
Looking unto Jesus who forgives and pardons all.

Looking unto Jesus, when temptations hover near,
When our boasted strength is weakness, and our wonted courage fear,
When the things in which we trusted vanish like the early dew,
Looking unto Jesus who alone can bear us through.

Looking unto Jesus, when our weeping eyes are sore,
When the long-loved voice is silent, and the dear heart beats no more,
When our hopes like withered roses droop and perish at our feet,
Looking unto Jesus for His consolation sweet.

Looking unto Jesus, when we gather at His
throne,
With the ransomed hosts to praise Him who hath
bought us for His own,
Oh what joy to spend the ages in the shadow of
His wing,
Looking unto Jesus as our Prophet, Priest, and
King.

Seattle, Washington, 1889.

INCREASE OUR FAITH.

LORD, Thou hast given with a lavish hand!
How are we blessed in basket and in store,
The favored people of Thy favored land,
Yet would we crave of Thee one mercy more,
Increase our faith.

Increase our substance as Thou seest best,
Increase our fame, if so it be Thy will,
Increase in us pure learning's holy quest,
But, more than all, O God, we pray Thee still
Increase our faith.

Our faith in God; our confidence in Truth;
  Our soul-persuasion of eternal years:
Pity our timid age, our careless youth,
  And in Thy providence, through smiles or tears,
    Increase our faith.

In all that makes for high and honest worth,
  Kindness, and gentleness, and holy peace;
In that unselfishness not born of earth,
  The love that suffers long, and doth not cease,
    Increase our faith.

And in ourselves, our better selves indeed,
  Our power to be the sort of souls we will
Our power to get the things we truly need,
  Our power to overcome life's every ill,
    Increase our faith.

O Father! when our souls are sore beset,
  When we are driven by the whips of pain,
When we forget Thy care, and fume, and fret,
  Strengthen us still, the while we pray again
    Increase our faith.

Oakland, California, November 30, 1897.

HE KNOWETH BEST.

He knoweth best, my human eyes are blinded
By fog and haze,
And I am yet too often worldly minded
To choose my ways.

I doubt not that God's thought for me is better
Than thought of mine,
And though I fret because my duties fetter
Some fond design,

Yet I can trust Him, and abide His leading
Through all my way,
Until, beyond the storms and clouds receding,
In heaven's new day

I shall behold with pure and perfect vision
God's plan for me,
And in the blessedness of life's fruition
Contented be.

What will it matter if my life when ended
A failure seems,
If God hath wrought more than I comprehended
In all my schemes?

Wherefore I pray, O wise and holy Father,
Abide with me;
Let me not live for sense and self, but rather
For heaven and Thee.

Salem, Oregon.

TEACH ME THY WILL.

Like Mary at the Master's feet
I would be still;
This quiet prayer alone repeat,
Teach me Thy will.

Teach me Thy will until I learn
To make it mine,
Till any way shall suit me, so
That way is Thine.

Teach me Thy will, though slow I am
To learn it well,
Thy love for me doth more and more
My faith compel.

Teach me Thy will, though oft I scan
The text through tears,
So shall my soul rejoice in Thee,
Through endless years.

Oakland, California, January 6, 1897.

CHOOSE THOU FOR ME.

My thought of life is oft amiss,
I know not yet what ought to be,
Or which were better, that or this,
Dear Lord, choose Thou for me.

Whether I run life's rugged way
With limb and muscle strong and free,
Or bear some load of pain each day,
Dear Lord, choose Thou for me.

Or want, or wealth, or dearer yet
The competence I fain would see,
What measure of earth's goods I get
Dear Lord, choose Thou for me.

I would not wish for length of days,
Though every age hath ecstasy,
I leave with Thee my yesterdays,
My morrows, choose for me,

Thy will is best, is always best,
No other good I crave of Thee,
But just in Thy sweet will to rest,
Dear Lord, choose Thou for me.

Oakland, California, Sunday morning, October 30, 1898.

A TRAVELLER'S TRUST.

When love or duty calls me forth
  I counsel not with fear;
Or east, or west, or south, or north,
  I go my way with cheer,
Secure am I on land or sea
Because my Father keepeth me.

No foolish confidence have I
  That mishaps may not come,
For life hath much of mystery,
  And man may well be dumb,
Nor boast God's purpose, since it lies
Far hidden from our human eyes.

No claim of service can I make
  That God should spare me still,
For if He give me grace to take
  My burdens with good will
There is no burden I can bear
His might and wisdom could not spare.

And still I go my way in peace,
  On land or sea the same,
Until He makes my goings cease,

And calleth me by name;
The way before is ever dim
But I can leave it all with Him.

So on I freely go at call
Of duty or of love,
I know that nothing can befall
That is not willed above;
It matters little when or where
Since I am always in God's care.

Lodi, California, November 26, 1898.

GOD'S GRACE.

I AM not what I should be the Word of God reveals,
I am not what I could be my heart within me feels,
I am not what I shall be when I behold His face,
But what I am I am through Him and only by His grace.

If there is any good in me it is not of my own,
If there is any grace it is the grace of God alone,
My sin is mine, I blame it not on anyone beside,
The fault is mine, the grace alone is His. the Crucified.

I tremble when I see myself the man I might have
been,
I dare not count impossible the deepest depth of
sin,
The meanest mortal whom I meet, however low
he be,
But for the saving grace of God is none too low
for me.

I know that God has more for me than I have
ever dreamed,
Though I be counted least among the host of
the redeemed,
But whether much or little of His blessedness be
mine
I cannot count it my reward, 'tis all of grace
divine.

God's grace is all my confidence, His goodness all
my stay;
I stand upon His promises, He will not say me
nay;
I trust no arm of flesh to save, no merit of mine
own,
But my faith abideth ever in the grace of God
alone.

Oakland, Cal., Oct. 31, 1898.

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS.'

"In everything give thanks." In everything?
Aye! soul of mine!
In all thy lot, whate'er thy years may bring,
Let praise be thine.

Thou dost not know the evil from the good;
Why moan thy fate?
Some day God's leadings shall be understood:
Give thanks, and wait.

Would'st thou receive His blessings with complaint?
Be patient then,
Lest thou mistake Him; still thy childish plaint,
Give thanks again.

Give thanks in everything; when troubles come
And cares perplex,
When the world chills thee, and thy heart is numb
Amid life's wrecks:

When loved ones leave thee broken-hearted here
To follow Death,
And all life's sunshine seems to disappear
With their last breath:

Aye! when Death beckons thee to leave the known
And loved below,
When thou art trembling on the brink alone
Afraid to go:

In everything give thanks; in joy or pain,
In life or death,
Let come what will, do thou give thanks again
With every breath:

And God shall hold thee, God shall help thee through,
Aye! more than this,
Thou canst not praise Him as thou shouldest do
And fail of bliss.

In everything give thanks, and God shall give
Heaven's better part,
The grace that makes it worth the while to live,
A thankful heart.

On Pullman Car, "Cordero," en route from Los Angeles to San Francisco, Thanksgiving Day, November 24, 1898.

INFLUENCE.

"My life is of little moment"
She said with a weary sigh;
When the day was done,
And the summer sun
Went down in a clouded sky.

"All day have I toiled for trifles,
In the city's crowded ways;
With the busy throng
Have I rushed along,
Alas, for my wasted days."

So spake she, and wept in sadness,
For life seemed so empty then,
And she longed to do
Something great or new,
To work for the weal of men.

She little knew that at noon-day
A poet had passed her by,
And had somehow caught
From her face a thought
That filled him with melody.

She stayed her steps but a moment
To read from a recent book,
  But a passing sage
  Saw the title page,
And the theme for an essay took.

She smiled with unconscious pleasure
At some fancy pure, and glad;
  But she never guessed
  How the joy light blessed
A soul that was faint and sad.

She saw not the sinful woman,
To whom she was grace and truth;
  Who longed for the days
  And the sinless ways
Of her own long-buried youth.

Thus on through the day she journeyed,
And knew not the gift she had;
  But so strangely blind,
  And so dull of mind,
That the hours but made her sad.

On a harp of a thousand heart-strings,
She played with unconscious might;
  And the music grew,
  All the long day through,
Like widening waves of light.

Far down through the misty mazes
Of the labyrinth of time,
To the shoreless sea
Of eternity,
Echoed and swelled the chime.

And the angels almost envied
The good that she did that day,
For the world will fail,
And the stars grow pale,
But our works live on for aye.

Yet she wept that night in sadness,
For life seemed so empty then,
And she longed to do
Something great or new,
To work for the weal of men.

Salem. Oregon.

HAND AND HEART.

Give me the man who loves his work
  However hard it be,
Who only thinks it mean to shirk
  And hates the hireling's plea;
Though hands and face be hard and brown,
  That were a trivial thing;
Who wears his duty like a crown
  Is every inch a king.

No honest labor can disgrace
  The man whose heart is true;
He scorns himself and not his place
  Who can consent to do
In any mean, half-hearted way
  The smallest service given;
The common tasks of every day
  Are all ordained of heaven.

Is thy task lowly? Lift it up!
  Let it be wisely willed.
Who cares how poor and plain the cup
  So it be richly filled?
Be it thy task to till the soil,
  Or do the drudge's part,
Fill thy poor cup of common toil
  With nobleness of heart.

Oakland, Cal., 1898.

WISHING.

If some fair visitant from realms of light
  Could speak to you,
And promise to fulfill each wish to-night,
  What would you do?

You care for riches, only thus to bless
  Another's need;
But wealth that noble passion might repress,
  And spoil the deed.

And even health, so rich and rare a boon,
  Unfailing strength,
As wearisome as an eternal noon
  Might prove at length.

Nor would it satisfy if you could gaze
  Beyond the tomb,
And read the mysteries of coming days,—
  The scrolls of doom.

Even the wish to comprehend all truth,
  And know what is,
Would rob the soul of its unfailing youth,
  And highest bliss.

There is no wish your human lips could speak
  That is not ill,
Which you, yourself, however poor and weak,
  Cannot fulfill.

The things you covet in your daily speech
  Are not for you,
Or else they lie already in your reach
  If you pursue.

And so, believe me, what you wish to-night
  Is either ill,
Or you can win it, and enjoy the fight,
  If you but will.

And you can say, of things which lie beyond,
  Toward which you run,
With quiet patience, and with faith most fond,
  "Thy will be done."

You need no angel from the realms of light
  To work for you;
For, better than you dare to wish tonight,
  Yourself can do.

Salem, Oregon.

A DREAM OF JUDGMENT.

THE Year was dying, as I slept, and dreamed.

. . . . .

Methought I sat upon some heavenly hill,
And lo! an angel, with reluctant look,
Brought me, in silence that portended ill,
A ponderous book.

I opened then, and on the title leaf
I saw my name, and, written overhead,
"Here is the record, for this year so brief,
What thou hast said."

I smiled to see the year began with prayer,
And high resolves, and wishes good and true:
In golden letters they were written there,
Though very few.

Soon were they followed by such foolish words,
Such trivial talk, and unbecoming jest,
My feelings fell, like poor wing-wounded birds,
And fled my zest.

My face was fire, and gladly had I turned
From reading the long record of my shame,
The endless pages held me, though I burned
As in a flame.

Nor blushed I only for my speech inane:
Wild words were there; keen, poison-pointed darts,
And reckless words, still dyed with the red stain
Of bleeding hearts.

I writhed the while I read what cruel things
My pride had counted clever on my lips;
Their serpent beauty hid the serpent stings
Of gibes and quips.

On, on I read, nor could lift up mine eyes,
So strength forsook me, so my will was gone;
For days, and days, and days, with groans and cries,
I read right on.

Oh I had swooned with pain, mine eyes had burst,
But for the golden-lettered words between,
For where the record of my speech was worst
Some good was seen.

Alas, how little! though God marked it all;
No goodly word but shone with kindly light,
No accent missing charity could call
Or true, or right.

My task undone, again the angel came,
And softly placed a kindred volume near;
And here was written, nothing but my name,
And, "The New Year."

* * *

I waked, and wept, as the New Year began.

Oakland, Cal., December, 1897.

MOURNING FOR MOSES.

DEAD was their great Commander,
That meek but mighty man,
The strength and hope of Israel
Since Israel's course began;
Before whose face the Chosen Race
Had come to manhood's years,
The children of the wilderness,
Born of his prayers and tears.

After the days of mourning
Came the divine command,
"Moses is dead, now therefore
Go on, and take the land!
Moses is dead, who long hath led
The host of God below,
But still abide the promises,
Let Israel forward go."

"Now, therefore," strange conclusion
Of logic all divine;
God makes their vast calamity
The nation's rallying sign;
The great soul gone yet bids them on,
And cheers them to the fray,
For he who died on Pisgah still
To Canaan leads the way.

How could they mourn him better?
How could they praise him more?
"Moses is dead, now therefore,
By all he braved and bore,
Let us go on till we have won
The land he loved and sought,
The land which last his eyes beheld,
Which last was in his thought."

His was no tomb of marble,
No proud triumphal arch,
Grander was his memorial,
A nation's forward march;
Their onward ways all spoke his praise,
Though others held command,
They wrote the great man's epitaph
Upon a conquered land.

O friends whose eyes are heavy
With tears for heroes gone,
They best mourn their beloved
Who faithfully press on;
Let fall who will God liveth still,
Still human duties stand,
And still God guides His Israel
On toward the promised land.

Not by our vain repinings,
Nor yet by idle tears,
We build their best memorials
Who wrought with us for years;
We honor most our loved and lost
By holding on our way,
By doing what themselves would do
If they were here to-day.

Oakland, Cal.

A REVERIE.

[On a San Francisco ferry-boat.]

WITH what indifference a thousand eyes
Have passed me by;
Only a stranger whom none recognize,
Nor love, nor hate, nor envy, nor despise,
Scarce deemed as worthy of a second glance
As yonder waves that in the sunlight dance;
With careful eye
I seek some face that will respond to mine,
Not one is here to give me friendly sign.

Yet here are hundreds, some of whom no doubt
Had Fate ordained,
Might have been friends whom life were void without,
Might have transfigured me and all about;
The inspiration of their lives and thought
Who can determine what it might have wrought?
What I had gained
If, by some trifling change of circumstance
We had been freed from mutual ignorance.

Who knows but yonder stranger's heart contains
Such wealth of love
As might have eased me of a hundred pains,
And more than doubled all life's lasting gains?
Who knows but that we sometime yet shall meet?
If not on earth, where life is incomplete,
Perhaps above
When countless ages shall have passed away
We shall be friends, who meet and pass to-day?

Oft, as a stranger passes me, I think
What might have been,
Had Fate supplied us friendship's missing link.
One word had bridged the gulf, from brink to brink,
And to a sweet companionship had led;
But somehow that one word was left unsaid,
And we have seen
Each other's faces, but we do not know
How much we lose to pass each other so.

FLOOD-TIDES.

How fret the waters of this shallow stream
'Gainst the half stranded logs on either side,
Too soon entrusted to the feeble tide
Whose strength the sun hath sapped with piercing beam:
A little while and all will changéd seem;
Here the abundant floods will smoothly glide
While on their bosom the great timbers ride,
Light as the drift wood fancies of a dream.

So when the flood tide of emotion fills
The oft depleted channels of my thought,
And one strong purpose all my life doth sway,
I shall uplift the thousand petty ills
With which my present course seems overfraught,
And bear them uncomplainingly away.

Salem, Oregon.

SUMMER-NOON IN THE SISKIYOUS.

HERE in this high-swung cradle of the hills
The languorous breezes all are lulled to sleep,
And the great trees a whispering vigil keep,
While Mother Earth some insect ditty trills.
Now falls a veil of haze, and lightly fills
With its voluptuous folds, from steep to steep;
Save where some sunbeam lifts an edge to peep,
Or tears the tender fabric as he wills.

Dost hear the baby-breathings of the breeze?
And see! how lifts the silken sheen a while,
Where yonder one hath waked, and turned him o'er;
Even the whispers cease among the trees,
And the sly sunbeams, with approving smile,
Let all the lifted edges fall once more.
Salem, Oregon, 1892.

DEATH AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

He came, whom none invited to the Fair;
Robed in the darkest raiment of the Night,
He stalked unseen through colonnades of white,
Himself the only Monarch who was there.
None but the most despondent slave of care
Paid willing homage to his sovereign might;
And yet his least command none thought to slight,
Nor gates, nor guards his kingship could impair.

His touch had crumbled beauty, fortune, fame,
But love restrained him: only once he rode
Resplendent in his chariot of flame;
And once again he baffled with a breath
Life's leaping purpose, whose last ember glowed
A huge reflection of the face of Death.

Salem, Oregon, 1892.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA.

THE virgin earth beheld her beauteous face
So fair reflected in our silver skies
She half denied the vision of her eyes
Nor could concede herself such gift of grace.
The warm blood bounded through her veins apace,
She smiled, and blushed again, with sweet surprise,
And felt her fawn-like bosom fall and rise
Like maiden's breast, beneath its veil of lace.

And lo! as men flocked forth in false alarm
Their petty fears amused the roguish miss;
More anxious now to trifle than to charm
She tossed her ringlets back with merry zest,
And threw the bending skies a saucy kiss,
While laughter rippled over all her breast.

Oakland, Cal.

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS, when thy mortal bark drew near
The thronged shores of the Islands of the Blest,
Where still they follow life's eternal quest
Whose faith wrought wonders while they labored here,
Who gave thee welcome to that wondrous sphere?
Some old Phoenician, whose divine unrest
Drove him beyond the pillars of the west,
The "Ne Plus Ultra" of Greek pride and fear?

Or he whose many tales of many lands
Filled Greece with wonder? Or yet he who bore
The name of kings, and more than kingly sway?
Surely there met thee on those golden sands
Some soul of the great mariners of yore,
Some prophet of the fame thou hast to-day.

Salem, Oregon, 1892.

TO AN ARGONAUT AT SEVENTY.

"THREE score and ten! all's well!" the watchers cry,
And from the rounding ramparts of the soul
Like loud artillery the echoes roll
Through the broad arches of the boundless sky.
And lo! the clock of life makes slow reply
From its red turret, where the blood beats toil
For the dead hour: Night lifts her saffron stole,
And the eternal morning draweth nigh.

Stay thy departure, well-beloved guest,
Till Nature's timepiece sounds another score.
Thy comrades, the brave argonauts of yore,
May spare thee yet a little from their quest:
Stay thou, and take with us thy well-earned rest,
While waiting Charon leans upon his oar.

Oakland, Cal.

IN TIME OF MELTING SNOW.

BEAUTY has fled the half-worn web of snow
That erst-while robed her in divinest white:
Now limp and soiled it meets the offended sight;
Ho! rain-maids, bear the cast-off garb below!
But where has Beauty gone? Hist! Would'st thou know?
Where dwells the Great Modiste, and day and night,
From out the stores of everlasting light,
Her silent shuttles flashing to and fro,

Fashions the ever-changing robes of earth,
And dyes them in the blushes of the sun.
There in her slippered feet has Beauty gone.
There, while the day's forlornness checks our mirth,
The fairies bring her vestments, one by one,
And lo! she puts her spring-tide costume on.

Salem, Oregon.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

THE monarch of the forest plays his part
With poor effect when caged within our reach;
And thoughts are native to the human heart
Which lose their greatness when constrained by speech:
In the vast solitudes of every soul
What mighty passions move with kingly tread,
What voices through the depths of being roll
That e'er they reach the outer world are dead.

Salem, Oregon.

CHRISTMAS.

O, CHILD of Bethlehem, blest Mary's Son!
This day recalls Thy pure nativity;
The swaddling clothes of our humanity
Again invest Thee, God's own Holy One.
Thy manger-throne, refulgent as the sun,
Shines o'er the centuries with prophecy
Of largest and divinest destiny
For our low nature by Thy advent won.

Our hearts without Thee are but stony stalls
In which the lean kine of unfed desire
Lie famished, while the darkness spreads apace.
Thy birth makes every heart God's dwelling place
Where light of love o'er all our being falls
And makes of our brute bodies something higher.

Oakland, Cal., 1897.

WHO WEEPS TO-DAY?

(A Song of consolation for the sorrowing at Christmas-tide.)

O SORE and sad at heart this happy morn,
Who almost dread the merry Christmas-tide,
For that its gladness maketh more forlorn
With memories that will not be denied;
Grieving beneath the smiles you would compel
That others may not miss their wonted cheer:
Hath not this morn of morns some word to tell
To make it yet the gladdest of the year?

And who shall more rejoice on Christmas morn
Than they who most have need to know God's love?
Who more be comforted that Christ is born
Than hearts that ache for glimpse of life above?
Since by His advent hope and comfort came,
Who shall more welcome Him than sorrow's heirs?
The grieving and the heart-sick well may claim
This blessed morning as divinely theirs.

The haughty-hearted well may weep to-day,
Since His low birth condemns the pride of man;
The selfish rich may view with sore dismay
The manger cradle where His life began.
No comfort is there in this holy morn
For the world-wealthy, and the self-sufficed,
But for the sin-sick and the sorrow-worn,
What joy to greet the birth-morn of the Christ!

Aye! day of days is this for them that mourn—
Day of the revelation of God's grace,
Day of immortal hope that knows no bourn,
Day of all consolation for our race;
Day of all expectation; long foretold;
The dream of ages upon ages gone;
Day whose remembrance never shall grow old
While the slow march of centuries goes on.

Wherefore be comforted, nor weep to-day
When earth is joyous with triumphal song.
Well may we put our sorrowings away
To join the chorus of the angel throng;
Well may we welcome Him with holy glee,
Though some sweet fellowship we sorely miss,
Whom God hath given evermore to be
Pledge of unending fellowship in bliss.

Oakland, Cal., Christmas, 1897.

KISS-POCKETS.

SHE has no pockets in her dress; of course that wouldn't do;
But in her pretty, dimpled cheeks the Lord Himself made two;
And though the styles may change again, dress pockets come and go,
Those blessed dimpled pockets in her cheeks are always so.

I call them her kiss-pockets, for it's plain enough to see
That's what they were intended for; those two were made for me;

I have some twenty pockets, if she wants them
for her pelf,
But the pretty pockets in her cheeks I claim them
both myself.

A woman's pockets, some folks say, a man can
never find,
But I could find those pockets though the blindest
of the blind;
The darkness doesn't phase me, and I just don't
care a whang
When I'm hunting for those pockets, how or
where her dresses hang.

Ah those pretty dimple pockets, they are lined
with softest silk;
Sometimes it's red as roses, and sometimes it's
white as milk;
Sometimes they're wide, wide open, with a happy
laugh or grin,
And sometimes I am puzzled how to get my
kisses in.

But they never, never fail me; even when she
tries to pout
My lips are sure to find them and they quickly
open out;

And the nicest thing about them is, each pretty
nectar cup
Is never empty of delight, and never quite filled
up.

Los Angeles, Cal., November, 19, 1898.

IN ANGER.

Thy friend was wrathful, and with angry word
And harsh complaint, berated thee for faults
Thou knowest not; and his unkind assaults
With sense of injury thy heart have stirred.
Such vile abuse thou hast not often heard,
Nor been so wronged: but when thy passion
halts,
And reason rules again, search all the vaults
Of thy profoundest being; yea, and gird
Thyself with candor, if thou would'st be pure.
Wrath sometimes makes men honest, and they
speak
What in their usual moods they dare but feel,
To utter which they are too kind or weak.
The lightning flash of anger may reveal
Faults that the sheen of praise doth but obscure.

Salem, Oregon.

MY "BOZZER BODY."

My little girl the other day
Came roughly rushing in from play
Her feet all soiled and soddy,
And straightway climbing on my knees
She gave my neck a hearty squeeze,
And said, the roguish little tease,
"Here comes 'ur bozzer body."

I drew her quickly to my breast
And as she nestled there at rest
Her quaint phrase I repeated;
My "bozzer body," and I smiled,
And kissed the forehead of the child,
And into restful sleep beguiled
The babe so over-heated.

The earthy shoes I laid aside,
Brushed back the tumbled curls with pride,
And then, with touch most tender,
I laid my "bozzer body" down,
And straightened out her crumpled gown,
Nor stain nor wrinkle made me frown
Upon the sweet offender.

How little could my loved one know
The measure of a mother's woe,
    Her long self-abnegation;
My "bozzer body," and I thought
What cost of care my babe had brought,
What aches and pains were daily wrought
    Into her education.

And yet I prize her more for this,
For even troubles yield me bliss,
    And pain is rich in pleasure,
All I have suffered through the years,
The mother's tribute, toil and tears,
My "bozzer body" but endears
    And makes her more my treasure.

And if to gain her highest good
I needs must eat the plainest food,
    And wear the meanest shoddy,
If all my pains were doubled twice
I would not then refuse the price
Since sweet is every sacrifice
    For her, my "bozzer body."

Salem, Oregon.

A SLANG SONG.

WHEN the world looks dark, my brother, and you
don't know where to turn,
When in spite of every help your spirits droop,
There's a homely bit of slang it will do no harm
to learn,
You're not the only oyster in the soup.

Chorus—

You're not alone in sorrow, you're not alone in
bliss,
This world's a pretty crowded bit o' hoop,
But you'll get a lot of comfort if you'll just re-
member this,
You're not the only oyster in the soup.

When you're whining and complaining o'er the
ailings of the flesh—
For you'll not get rid of all of them with
croup—
Just remember this, my brother, as you turn, and
and toss, and thresh,
You're not the only oyster in the soup.

When you've had a little triumph, and you're rosy
with success,
When you're longing just to get out doors and
whoop,
Shout all you will, and frolic, but remember none
the less,
You're not the only oyster in the soup.

And when you get to thinking that the world
can't get along
Unless you kill yourself, don't be a dupe;
Take things a little easy, there are others just as
strong;
You're not the only oyster in the soup.

Just be a bit unselfish, live for others all you can;
To your fallen brother's weakness kindly stoop;
And remember this, my brother, if you'd be a
gentleman,
You're not the only oyster in the soup.

Oakland, Cal., October, 1898.

SUNSET THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

God flings His furnace doors ajar,
The red glow flashes forth;
And now, with yonder fog-wreathed bar,
Some Titan of the North
Stirs madly till the gleaming mass
Throws out ten thousand jets of gas.

The cloud doors close, and from below
Gushes the molten tide,
Over the sea its yellow glow
Spreads swiftly far and wide,
And moulds unnumbered hide away
The glory of departing day.

Oakland, Cal., October 29, 1898.

I. WOOD.

(A Poetical Pun.)

(Lines written on the occasion of the Silver Wedding of Rev. and Mrs. I. D. Wood, of Oakland, Cal.)

WHEN first it was proposed to me
With many words polite,
That I should the toast-master be,
And lead the fun to-night,
I own that I was somewhat scared,
And didn't think I could,
But there the answer sat and stared,
A living pledge I. Wood.

I thought I wouldn't try to rhyme,
But keep to sober prose,
For verse don't always come to time,
As everybody knows;
But though he didn't ask me to,
Which certainly was good,
I didn't know what else to do,
Of course he knew I. Wood.

What shall my theme be? then I thought,
Domestic love and bliss?
Or shall I sing what men have wrought
Since these gave their first kiss?

I won't be personal, I know,
I said in lofty mood;
Alas; I couldn't make it so,
The muse just said, I. Wood.

So I begin where he began,
And venture to suppose
That when the baby, now a man,
On life's horizon rose,
His mother had a time, I fear,
To get him to be good,
For when she said, "I wouldn't, dear,"
He knew she meant, I. Wood.

And when the babe became a man,
And courting went his way,
I guess his girl, whate'er her plan,
Was puzzled what to say.
What could she do in self defense,
And still be understood?
When if he asked her preference
She had to say, I. Wood.

Why even Peter at the gate
Will hardly understand
Just what this man may mean to state
If, when he makes demand,
"Your name must on my book appear
Among the true and good,
If you would think to enter here,"
He meekly says, I. Wood.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Down in the sunny south-land, where the flowers
bloom all the year,
Where the splendor of the sunshine makes the
canopy appear
Like John's celestial vision of the sea of glass
and fire—
Down in the sunny south-land is the Eden of De-
sire.

The glory shimmers softly from the empyrean
down
On the tanned and sun-burned mountains; smil-
ing through their freckle-brown
They lift bare, swarthy faces ever upward toward
the light
Save when the winter veils them for a little while
in white.

The olive, and the lemon, and the orange groves
are green
Down in the sunny south-land, never richer hues
were seen,
They gleam with gold and silver, pop-corn blos-
som, yellow sphere,
For in the sunny south-land it is Christmas all the
year.

The cities of the south-land on her beauteous
bosom rest,
Like gems of pearl and diamond on lovely
woman's breast;
They flash with beauty, throb with life, they
bring the heavens near;
The very saints and angels in their shining streets
appear.

Oh sunny, sunny south-land, favored of the fav-
ored state!
California's California! land where God doth
recreate!
Thy praises linger lovingly upon the willing
tongue,
And still when we have said our best thy praises
are unsung.

Los Angeles, Cal., November 23, 1898.

A MINISTER OF JESUS.

(Lines written at the ordination of Frank W. Woods, of Pasadena, Cal., Nov. 21, 1898.)

A minister of Jesus, an ambassador of Christ!
Surely, such an holy office for the angels had sufficed!
And we! we are but human, let men dub us what they will,
In spite of cloth and title we are only mortal still.

A minister of Jesus, of the pure incarnate Word!
How shall we speak the message that in spirit we have heard?
How shall we tell the story, tell it o'er and o'er again,
Undimmed and undiminished by the foolishness of men?

A minister of Jesus, of the Christ of Calvary's cross,
Who for the world's redemption counted everything but loss!
How shall He be uplifted by our greedy, grasping hands?
How shall we show His passion as the depth of it demands?

A minister of Jesus, of the tempted and the weak!
Oh, who but God shall help them? who but God
shall dare to speak?
Who shall heal the broken-hearted? who shall
comfort them that weep?
Who shall say the word of truth and love for
those who "fall on sleep?"

Oh, brother, God be with thee, God be with thee
all the way!
The arm of flesh will fail thee, God alone can be
thy stay;
Yet even for thine office hath His wondrous grace
sufficed,
Happy minister of Jesus, blest ambassador of
Christ.

First Baptist Church, Pasadena, Cal., November 21, 1898.

MY PENNY.

With happy heart, and eager hand,
  In the sweet days of old,
I took the penny father gave,
  As if it had been gold,
And proudly to the church I went,
And gladly gave my shining cent.

Too soon I learned its paltry worth,
  And then my pride witheld,
Or envy filled my foolish heart
  When giving was compelled;
The gift indeed was often more,
But less the offering than before.

There came another change; I learned
  My childish wisdom o'er,
And with glad heart I gave again
  My gift, or less, or more:
My penny shone like gold again
Because I gave it not to men.

So was it when I learned to sing;
  My penny seemed so bright
I gave it with no little pride,
  And all a child's delight:
It seemed too pretty to be mine,
And I was glad to see it shine.

But when I found it wasn't gold
  I hid my gift away,
My penny was so poor beside
  The wealth I saw each day,
It didn't seem worth while at all
To make an offering so small.

My gift is still a common coin,
  A penny, nothing more;
Yet I have learned to give again,
  Not with the pride of yore,
But with a willing heart and free
I give as God has given me.

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